

BARWON BALLADS





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BARWON BALLADS
AND
SCHOOL VERSES



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BARWON BALLADS
AND
SCHOOL VERSES

BY
JAMES LISTER CUTHBERTSON
“C”

MEMORIAL EDITION

MELBOURNE AND LONDON

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Dedicated
BY THE AUTHOR'S WISH
TO
THE BOYS PAST AND PRESENT OF
THE GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL
AND
PUBLISHED BY MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL
IN MEMORY OF
THE AUTHOR

868771

PREFACE

THIS selection of J. L. Cuthbertson's verses is published by members of the Geelong Grammar School. It contains 172 pieces, all of which (with four exceptions) originally appeared in the *Geelong Grammar School Quarterly*, between the years 1875 and 1910. Verses having no direct relation to the school (although the school and its surroundings often gave the inspiration) are collected under an old title, chosen by the author, "Barwon Ballads"; and this part of the selection will be found to contain most of his best poetry. The remainder, all pieces relating to the school and its life, are arranged separately as "School Verses." These, it must be admitted, include much that, regarded as poetry, is of inferior quality—often rough rhymes hastily written as the occasion prompted.

If any justification is needed for including them in the selection, it must be remembered that the present volume is published by members of the Geelong Grammar School. It is their school

anthology, and reflects almost every shade of school life during thirty-five years; for members of the school, past as well as present, the verses are a possession that they "would not willingly let die," and the author, who loved and wrote for them, is their Laureate crowned.

All the verses contained in the small edition of "Barwon Ballads," published in 1893, are to be found in this volume.

The editor of the Melbourne *Australasian* kindly permits the inclusion of four pieces originally contributed by the author to that journal; these are: "Wattle and Myrtle," "The Message of the Mountains," "Speeding the Forlorn Hope," and "Pan of the Sea Shore."

The portrait, which forms the frontispiece, is reproduced from a photograph taken at Norwich, during the author's last visit to England in 1897.

E. T. W.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
GEELONG,
April 18th, 1911.

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INTRODUCTION

JAMES LISTER CUTHBERTSON was the eldest son of William Gilmour Cuthbertson and Jane Agnes Cuthbertson. He was born on May 8th, 1851, at 18, Sandyford Place, Glasgow, where his father was in business ; and lived in or near Glasgow till about 1860, when his father went to Shanghai as Manager of the Central Bank of Western India. From that time his parents were seldom in England, and during his schooldays he usually spent his holidays with his grandmother, who lived in Stirling.

In 1861 he went to school at Trinity College, Glenalmond, and remained there until 1869. The Headmaster at that time was the Rev. Dr. Hannah. Of his school life there is little to record. He was fond of games and fishing, and was in the school eleven of 1869 (and possibly of 1868) at a time when it was the strongest school eleven in Scotland. After leaving school he often played for the Stirling County Cricket Club, and a younger brother, who survives him, recollects as a small boy being taken to see him play ; he was arrayed in white flannel

knickerbockers and purple stockings, and his place in the field was "backstop."

In 1869 he left school and went to Wren to read for the Indian Civil Service. There he remained for two years or more, residing in London. In 1872 he passed into the Indian Civil Service, taking the twenty-seventh place in the examination, and went to Oxford—in accordance with a rule requiring probationers for the Indian Civil Service to spend two years at a University before proceeding to India. He matriculated at Merton College, and in April 1872 was elected to a postmastership at that College. Probationers in the I.C.S. then, as now, had to pass periodical examinations to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners that they were making sufficient progress in their Indian studies. Cuthbertson unfortunately failed to pass one of these examinations, and was unable to proceed to India.

For a few months he was in an accountant's office in Glasgow, and found the work very distasteful. His father by this time had gone to Australia as Manager of the Bank of South Australia in Adelaide, and, influenced probably by this, James Cuthbertson went out to Melbourne in 1874.

Of his early days we are told that he was always a very cheerful and happy boy. He was fond

of chess, which he played well; and he used to take long walks by himself. For football he does not seem to have cared much. He appears to have rowed in the Merton Torpid, but not in the Eight. Of poetry he was always very fond, and he had the true craftsman's love for the music of a fine rhythm. He fell quite early under the influence of Swinburne, and used to recite him to his younger brothers with great enthusiasm. All those who know his later verses will recognise the effect of this influence on his style.

A copy of verses written by him while at Merton is extant (the first of his, it is believed, that were published). He got into trouble with the dons for writing them; and though, like all such verses, they are not of a high order of poetry, yet they are characteristic of his vein of humour, and they suggest that Merton, in his day, was not altogether a reading college, and incidentally offer perhaps an explanation of his own failure to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners.

MERTONENSES VIVITE

The Merton dons have met again in pleasant consultation,
Determined to get something by judicious combination,
Whereby to check the casual men in quiet dissipation,
And otherwise obstruct and mar most innocent recreation.

They said: "There is no kind of doubt we are an able college;
Yet this we freely must admit and openly acknowledge,
That reading here is not pursued with all that animation
That makes the Balliol men believe that they outstrip creation.

"It must be shown that we are not devoid of all vitality,
And mean at last to spur our team to action in reality;
That hunting men are objects of intense abomination,
And post-horns at the midnight hours our special detestation.

"And now we shall adopt a plan to show our indignation,
And bring the College to a state of due subordination.
Full forty chapels shall they keep—delightful relaxation!—
And so perhaps we may produce some slight amelioration."

But when the men of Merton heard of this determination,
Their spirits were reduced at once to low denomination,
And they waited in a state of intensest expectation
To show in some decided way their marked disapprobation.

The snow appeared; the dons were filled with dark anticipation,
Destined to meet for once at least with quick realisation;
For snow and trays and other things, in skilful combination,
Produced before the chapel door a curious conformation.

The morning came, and with it dons in cap and gown formation,
Determined to proceed with devotional education;
And while they gazed upon the wall with little admiration,
One of the undergraduates gave the following explanation:

“There is no College, O you dons, of all the Oxford nation,
Where forty chapels are enforced before the morning ration :
We pray you therefore to remove the grounds of irritation,
Reduce the chapels—and accept our warm congratulation.”

With moistened eyes the dons, without the slightest hesitation,
Reduced the chapels and received a general ovation ;
And let us hope they will retain a like quiescent station
And not become again the theme of Merton's execration.
J. L. C.

In 1875, soon after his arrival in Australia, Cuthbertson, who was then twenty-four years of age, joined, as Classical Master, the staff of the Geelong Grammar School, a public school in Victoria, founded in 1857 by Bishop Perry. Geelong is a seaport town distant forty-five miles from Melbourne, and about twelve miles from the Southern Ocean, picturesquely situated between Corio Bay and the River Barwon, and sheltered by the Barrabool Hills. The Headmaster of the school at that time was the late John Bracebridge Wilson, a man of strong and masterful character. Into the life of this young school in a new country Cuthbertson threw himself with characteristic ardour, and for more than twenty years, until his retirement, exerted a powerful influence upon its fortunes. The natural surroundings of the place were of a kind

to stimulate the romantic and emotional side of his nature. From the very first he wrote verses, which he continued, almost to the end of his life, to publish in the *School Quarterly*, of which he was the founder and the first editor. These verses, of which a large part are contained in this volume, were inspired by his own deep love for the school, and have helped to create and foster a strong bond of sentiment amongst its members.

In 1882 he returned to England on a long visit, and feeling that it would be of advantage to him in his profession to take his degree, which he had not been able to do before, he joined New Inn Hall, and kept the necessary terms at Oxford, where in 1885 he took a pass degree. During this time at Oxford he amused himself chiefly in rowing and running with the Merton boats, and among the family trophies is to be found a pot which he won as bow of Merton scratch Fours, 1885.

Returning to Australia in 1885, he rejoined the school at Geelong, and remained a member of the staff until 1896. Mr. J. B. Wilson died in October 1895, and Cuthbertson was appointed Acting Headmaster pending the arrival of his successor. At the beginning of 1896 the new Headmaster, Mr. L. H. Lindon, assumed control, and Cuthbertson remained in his old position under the new chief until almost

the close of 1896, when he severed his connection with the school, and returned to England. During this second visit to England in 1897 he lived with his mother at Stanfield Hall, Wymondham, Norfolk.

At the end of 1897, returning once more to Australia, he took up his abode in Geelong, and although never again officially connected with the school, his interest in the boys and all they did never flagged.

During the last few years of his life he lived away from Geelong, chiefly at Cheltenham, near Melbourne, and not infrequently paid the school a flying visit. In the winter months he more than once visited Queensland, and the summer generally found him at his favourite haunt, The Punt (Nelson), at the mouth of the River Glenelg, looking for mullocky, *Scioena antarctica* (called in Victoria king fish). It was in 1890 that, in company with the late Mr. A. S. Murray, he made his first visit to The Punt; and these two pioneers showed what good sport could be had there with the fly. Latterly, however, he occupied himself less with perch and bream than in trolling with a spinner for mullocky. This is his own description :—

“On the Glenelg, which flows into Discovery Bay at the 141st parallel of longitude, the boundary between Victoria and South Australia, no netting is permitted, and the mullocky are taken

mainly by means of the spinner. The requisite tackle consists of a light but strong rod, a large and somewhat stiff reel carrying 200 yards of good salmon or tarpon line, and the spinner.

“The best time for trolling is in the twilight and at night, and it is usual for one man to row and another to look after the rod, sitting with his face astern. The Glenelg estuary curves like the letter S for a mile and a half before reaching the Southern Ocean, and it is on this stretch of water that the sport is to be found. A circle of low limestone hills covered with wattle, gums, and she-oaks rises to east, north, and west of the estuary, while on the southern side the white dunes attract the eye.

“As the sun sets, the fisherman starts from the landing-place, and is slowly pulled down stream. The water is a clear sea-green, and the sky is unflecked by clouds; the air is soft, and the breakers keep up an eternal thunder on the sand outside. About 25 or 30 yards of line separate the boat and the spinner; and the holder of the rod can feel the throb of the spinner as it flicks round far astern. The boat goes quietly on until at the island end a quick jerk tells that a fish is on. Instantly the reel shrieks, and the mullo way takes out in one great rush 100 yards before he can be checked. To touch the line is like feeling red-hot wire, and the reel handle will give the fingers a nasty knock if touched during this critical period. As the first run comes to an end, an opportunity is given of reeling up, and the fish, feeling the strain, breaks 120 yards off, and the sportsman’s heart is glad, for he knows now that he has a mullo way, and no stingray or shark. The fish, which so far has run up river, now darts down to the mouth, and the line is quite slack as the prey passes the boat en route for his native sea. The line, however, is soon made taut, and the fight recommences.

“On the open water, with a free boat and good tackle, the

chances are in favour of the fisherman. The mullo way, however, resists with all his might, and it is only after forty minutes' struggle that the game fish weakens, and is brought on to the boatside, gaffed, and captured. He is indeed a lovely fish, weighing 14 lb., 3 feet long, and symmetrically shaped. His back is a brilliant bronze and peacock blue, and his sides shade off into gold and silver reflected on the scales. Even if only one of these fish comes in a week, the sport they give makes amends for all the labour spent in rowing up and down channel under the starlight.

"The fish often wins the battle. There is a rush, a catch in the reel, a snap, and 'the rest is silence,' as the reel is mournfully wound in, and the big mullo way sails away to sea. It is always a twenty-pounder if he escapes, and a five-pounder if caught!"*

(Mullo way have been caught in the Glenelg up to 43½ lb.)

Such was his favourite sport. According to his almost invariable custom, he went to The Punt towards the close of 1909. The weather, cold and wet, was unfavourable for sport; too often he found himself confined to the house. At last he threw it up in disgust, and made his way to Mt. Gambier.

The next thing his friends heard was the startling announcement in the Melbourne *Argus* that he had died at Mt. Gambier on the previous day, Tuesday, January 18th, 1910. He had been ill, it appeared, and was suffering from insomnia, and

* Extract from article in the Melbourne *Age* by "C."

died at Dr. McDonald's house, where he had been treated.

In this short sketch, little has been said of Cuthbertson's relations to the school in which he spent so large a part of his life. This is a matter that belongs to the school, and finds its appropriate place in the school records; but for the general public it has little concern. For those who would know the man, his life is reflected in his verses. There are to be found his deep love of nature, as well in her milder as in her grander moods; his passion for the sea; his love for the river and the racing craft; but, above all, his passionate love and life-long devotion to the

“ Gray school, firm set upon the wind-swept hill,
Deep-ivied to the topmost tower of all.”

To
THE BOYS OF THE GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
PAST AND PRESENT

FRIENDS of the school that crowns the ridge above
The azure waters of Corio Bay,
Take the poor gift I bring to you to-day,
And hold it as the token of my love.
Rude rhymes and rough, I know, but haply they
May call to mind the pulse of racing oars,
The ocean's thunder on the southern shores,
The memory of some happy holiday.
Perchance my verse may bring again the name
Of loved companions taken in their youth,
May prompt to deeds of honour and of truth;
If so, more worthy would I count the fame
Than to have won the poet's high renown,
Or the fair green-leaved eucalyptus crown.

BARWON BALLADS

SI QUID MEA CARMINA POSSUNT

MINE be the rustic muse that strays
Adown the untrodden water-ways,
That follows by the reed-fringed shores
The music of the chiming oars.

Mine be the muse that echoes free
The thunder of the Southern Sea,
Rejoicing when the sky is black
With ragged cloud and misty wrack.

Mine be the muse that does not pine
Among the noisy throng to shine—
The heedless crowd that never guess
The beauty of the wilderness.

Mine be the rustic muse, to trace
Fair Nature's ever-changing face—
To draw from out her inner shrine
Some glimpses of the truth divine.

VOTA

WHAT can I give thee, land of dusky streams,
Of forest-crownèd hills ?
'Thou hast no place for minstrel's idle dreams,
For poet's fancied ills !

Fain would I tell of camps beneath the gum,
Of fire-tornado's course,
Of sudden torrents that resistless come
On rider and on horse.

The lustrous radiance that round us lies,
The brief, sweet twilight time,
The crimson splendour of the sunset skies,
The magpie's warbled rhyme—

All free delights the boundless plains can give,
All joys that life can bring,
The sorrow and the pain through which we live—
These would I gladly sing.

Fain would I tell the dignity of toil,
 The peace of noble love,
The stainlessness of honour without soil,
 The hope that burns above.

Then might the voice unhonoured and unknown,
 Born of the Barwon's reeds,
Stir all men's spirits, like a trumpet blown,
 And spur to lofty deeds.

But that immortal garland may be wrung
 Only from toil and heat—
He only that has suffered can have sung
 The music gravely sweet !

PAX INVIOATA

HE who, with soul serenely free,
Can feel in every vein the sea,
Who, gazing on the purple main,
Knows all his heart laugh back again,
'Tis his to leave the earth awhile
For Prospero's enchanted isle.

He who, within the green recess
Of antique forest loveliness,
Lulled by the aromatic balm,
Attains a grave Olympian calm,
In Arden wood may take his fill,
Of Rosalind enamoured still.

He who, from out the evening air,
Can draw the star-crown to his hair,
And, borne above the mist of cares,
The heavens as a vesture wears,
'Tis his alone to know aright
The mystery of the world's delight.

BRITANNIA LACESSITA

LIKE a cliff in the Northern Ocean,
Wave-buffed, tempest-tried,
She stands, the Mother of Nations,
Calm-hearted and tranquil-eyed :
She hears not the screaming sea-birds,
She knows not she is defied,
But she looks to the blue horizon
With a deep and steadfast pride.

From the isles of eternal summer,
From lakes that the north wind numbs,
From the fronds of Canadian forests,
From the leaves of Australian gums,
From the rolling plains of the veldt-land,
The world-wide answer comes :
“ We are thine in the heart of the battle,
Thine at the throb of the drums ;
“ With thee for our Queen and Leader
We follow the perilous track,
Though the earth be red with armies
And the seas with navies black ;

If the whole world came against us,
We will stand to it back to back—
We will fight for the honour of England,
We will die for the Union Jack.”

OUR HERITAGE

OUR heritage is more
Than all the precious ore
That lies embedded in Australia's breast,
Than all the golden grain
That ripens on our plain,
Than countless leagues of pasture land from furthest
east and west.

Beneath the azure skies
Our newborn cities rise,
We count our ships from every wind that blows ;
But wealth makes not a State,
We cannot thus be great—
It was not by her trade alone that England's empire
rose.

No, but by holding fast
Traditions of the past,
By winning freedom after years of strife,
Till her heroic name
A trumpet-call became
That stirred men's hearts to purchase liberty with life.

This is her golden dower,
Not commerce, wealth, or power,
But that equality which England gave,
Who bade her sons be true
To her from whence they drew
Their hatred of the demagogue, the tyrant, and the
slave.

God grant our sons be strong
To right the hidden wrong,
To love the spirit of their country's laws,
To waver not or bend,
To seek a worthy end,
To scorn a mean ambition and a base applause.

May they be strong to rise
Above all party cries,
Above the fears and terrors of the craven,
And with a steadfast heart
To play the patriot's part,
And guide the vessel onward to a fairer haven.

PHÆACIA AND AUSTRALIA

IONIA's poet sang of old

An isle beside the faëry sea,
Of merchant princes rich in gold,
And loving mirth and minstrelsy,
Of ships within the island hold,
Of myriads on the marble quay ;
And, prophet-like, he thus foretold
The southern land that was to be.

For here are merchant princes strong,
With counsel sage the State to stay,
And here the mighty vessels throng
The inlets of the sheltered bay ;
And here, afar from war or wrong,
A nation labour free as they,
And yet a people loving song,
And dance, and joyous holiday.

Aye, so it is : the poet's dream—
The idle coinage of the brain—
Has leaped to life ; and none may deem
Phæacia's isle a vision vain

While newborn southern cities teem,
And harvests yield their store of grain,
And countless vessels well bescem
The masters of the Austral main.

ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA

SAY, daughter, say, if thine is the one country,
Sheltered from war's alarms,
Where Nature loses all her angry aspect,
And only wears her charms.

Yes, mother, yes. A land of peace and plenty,
A land of corn and wine,
Where dark-blue mountains lift their lofty summits
Into an air divine.

Hast thou, then, there a place for those outwearied
By endless toil and strife,
Who fain would seek beside the southern waters
A calm and tranquil life ?

No, mother, no ; but work for those who labour,
Strong life for those who live,
Honour to those who do their duty bravely—
These are the gifts we give.

What dost thou promise, land of summer beauty,
 In guerdon of their toil,
To those who through the fierce heat of the noontide
 Have laboured on thy soil ?

Homes do we give, and bright-eyed children smiling
 By their fair mother's side ;
And, when the burden of the day is over,
 Rest at the eventide.

AUSTRALIA FEDERATA

AUSTRALIA ! land of lonely lake
And serpent-haunted fen ;
Land of the torrent and the fire
And forest-sundered men :
Thou art not now as thou shalt be
When the stern invaders come,
In the hush before the hurricane,
The dread before the drum.
A louder thunder shall be heard
Than echoes on thy shore,
When o'er the blackened basalt cliffs
The foreign cannon roar—
When the stand is made in the she-oaks' shade,
When heroes fall for thee,
And the creeks in gloomy gullies run
Dark crimson to the sea ;
When under honeysuckles gray,
And wattles' swaying gold,
The stalwart arm may strike no more,
The valiant heart is cold ;

When thou shalt know the agony,
The fever, and the strife
Of those who wrestle against odds
For liberty and life :

Then is the great Dominion born,
The seven sisters bound,
From Sydney's greenly wooded port
To lone King George's Sound—
Then shall the islands of the south,
The lands of bloom and snow,
Forth from their isolation come
To meet the common foe.

Then, only then—when after war
Is peace with honour born,
When from the bosom of the night
Comes golden-sandalled morn,
When laurelled victory is thine,
And the day of battle done,
Shall the heart of a mighty people stir,
And Australia be as one.

AT BARWON HEADS

Dusk purple billows to the far sea-line,
But silver-crested as they trembled o'er,
And everywhere the odour of the brine
And savour of the seaweed on the shore.

Upon the reefs and yellow sand below
The falling breakers sparkled, creaming white,
And, wreckage-burdened, the swift under-tow
Swept seaward with unconquerable might.

I know not how, but, standing on the height,
Upon the inviolate border of the main,
My spirit brightened, and the dread insight
And vision of the future came again.

And I beheld the Armageddon war,
The shock of iron navies on the seas,
Gray-gleaming vessels blasted from afar,
And Britain's banner blood-red on the breeze.

And underneath the everlasting snows,
Beside a Himalayan river-bed,
I heard our trumpet at the battle close,
And northern mothers wailing for their dead.

Then nearer drew the throbbing of the drums,
And louder yet the ruthless cannon roared,
And thicker lay the dead beneath the gums
As on the hosts of the invader poured.

And last the Warders of the Lower Sea,
The Lion's brood, unbroken by their loss,
Arose, the Southern Commonwealth, the free,
The Over-lord of all beneath the Cross.

One blood, one law, one people, and one Queen,
From east to west a single flag unfurled,
The greatest empire that the world has seen,
And universal peace in all the world.

But swift the vision vanished, and I saw
Only the purple rollers landward turn,
Only the shadows o'er the ocean draw,
And the far ruby of the lighthouse burn.

WESTWARD

Out to the unknown West,
As your fathers went of old !
There is treasure to wrest from the quartz-
hill breast,
There is land for a man to hold.
Out to the West and North,
Sons of the land, go forth !

Hunger and heat and thirst,
Labour and fortune lost—
All hope dispersed in the sand accursed,
And the last dark river crossed.
Still, to the West and North,
Sons of the land, go forth !

Go as your fathers went,
And with hearts as true and bold—
To the white-walled tent is the sceptre sent,
And the sway to the valiant-souled.
So, to the West and North,
Sons of the land, go forth !

THE BUSH

GIVE us from dawn to dark
Blue of Australian skies,
Let there be none to mark
Whither our pathway lies.

Give us when noontide comes
Rest in the woodland free—
Fragrant breath of the gums,
Cold, sweet scent of the sea.

Give us the wattle's gold
And the dew-laden air,
And the loveliness bold
Loneliest landscapes wear.

These are the haunts we love,
Glad with enchanted hours,
Bright as the heavens above,
Fresh as the wild bush flowers.

ABOVE THE ENTRANCE

Low on the gums and the gullies
The smoke of the bush-fires lay,
Green at the mouth of the river
Glistened the land-locked bay.

Over the sand-ridge yonder,
Seen from the wattled steep,
Foamless and peaceful opened
The purple plain of the deep.

We lay on the bank and listened,
As up from the lowland stole
The long-drawn ocean thunder
That thrilled both heart and soul—

Heard echoes of emerald rollers
That burst on the basalt black,
That came with reluctant pauses
And hurried resistless back.

We saw not, but heard, the tumult
That raged on the reef afar,
Where the stream and the tide in-rushing
Met on the river bar.

The sea-breeze rose, and the headlands
Loomed from the ocean breast,
And the blue haze floated inland
O'er the forests of the west.

GRATISSIMUS AUSTER

COME with the rain, and the storm, and thunder,
Glad south wind, to the land at last ;
Long have we waited and wearied under
Fever and heat of the north wind blast.

Come ! for the rivers to pools are turning,
Come ! for the heavens above are brass,
Come ! for the sun like a furnace burning
Wastes and withers the yellow grass.

Come to the heat-oppressèd regions,
Lighten the labour of wearied ox,
Bring fresh life to the myriad legions,
Life to the parched and dying flocks.

Come with a river of rain, refilling
Lakes that are empty, streams that are dry,
Till, with a smile, the green earth willing
Turns to the light of the summer sky.

Come to us, all things fair unveiling,
Giving us vigour of heart and brain ;
Making us dread no drought or failing
Once we have drunk of the longed-for rain.

Come, though it be on the lightning's pinion,
Come, though it be with the tempest's speed,
Come from the depth of thy far dominion—
Welcome art thou in the hour of need.

O UBI CAMPI

WHERE the blue is bent above us,
Where the nest
Of the wren is hidden best
With whatever mates may love us,
Would we come when weariest,
And would rest
While the mountain thrush is singing.

Where the golden gorse is glowing,
Where the fair
Wattle scents the woodland air,
Where, its breast of orange showing,
Flits the shrike—oh, gladliest there
We'd repair
While the mountain thrush is singing.

Where 'tis silent but for flutter
In green eaves
Where the flame-breast robin weaves—
Silent but for ocean's mutter,

But for song that each receives
From the leaves
Where the mountain thrush is singing.

There is peace from toil and anger—
There the guest
Finds the object of his quest—
After labour, blissful languor :
There we'd rest when weariest,
Wholly blest,
As the mountain thrush is singing.

AT CAPE SCHANCK

DOWN to the lighthouse pillar
The rolling woodland comes,
Gay with the gold of she-oaks
And the green of the stunted gums,
With the silver-grey of honeysuckle,
With the wasted bracken red,
With a tuft of softest emerald
And a cloud-flecked sky o'erhead.

We climbed by ridge and boulder,
Umber and yellow scarred,
Out to the utmost precipice,
To the point that was ocean-barred,
Till we looked below on the fastness
Of the breeding eagle's nest,
And Cape Wollomai opened eastward
And the Otway on the west.

Over the mirror of azure
The purple shadows crept,
League upon league of rollers
Landward evermore swept,

And burst upon gleaming basalt,
And foamed in cranny and crack,
And mounted in sheets of silver,
And hurried reluctant back.

And the sea, so calm out yonder,
Wherever we turned our eyes,
Like the blast of an angel's trumpet
Rang out to the earth and skies,
Till the reefs and the rocky ramparts
Throbbled to the giant fray,
And the gullies and jutting headlands
Were bathed in a misty spray.

Oh, sweet in the distant ranges,
To the ear of inland men,
Is the ripple of falling water
In sassafras-haunted glen,
The stir in the ripening cornfield
That gently rustles and swells,
The wind in the wattle sighing,
The tinkle of cattle-bells.

But best is the voice of ocean
That strikes to the heart and brain,
That lulls with its passionate music
Trouble and grief and pain

That murmurs the requiem sweetest
For those who have loved and lost,
And thunders a jubilant anthem
To brave hearts tempest-tossed,

That takes to its boundless bosom
The burden of all our care,
That whispers of sorrow vanquished,
Of hours that may yet be fair,
That tells of a Harbour of Refuge
Beyond life's stormy straits,
Of an infinite peace that gladdens,
Of an infinite love that waits.

LAKE COLAC

WE gazed at dawn upon the lake,
And saw the polished surface take
A thousand colours that were born
From out the bosom of the morn :
For rose and amber, crimson, gray,
Were heralds of the coming day,
Until the lake from shore to shore
With burnished gold was girdled o'er.
And then we cried, " So looks she best—
The fairest lake of all the West."

Again, we glided swiftly through
Blue water spanned by fainter blue ;
A freshly blowing eastward gale
Filled every white and swelling sail ;
The buoyant vessel felt the strain,
And left astern a foaming train ;
The shrill wind sang, the cordage rang,
As on from wave to wave we sprang.
" And thus," we cried, " we love her best—
The fairest lake of all the West."

Again, when every wind was still,
We watched from off the quiet hill
The pale moon slowly rising high
Through the starry-mantled sky,
Till the forest, plain, and lake
From the darkness did awake,
And, more lovely than by day,
Bathed in sleeping silver lay ;
And the beauty we had praised
Was forgotten as we gazed—
For by moonlight loved we best
The fairest lake of all the West.

AT SPRING CREEK

Out of the grassy hollow,
Close to the ocean's edge,
By a path where few may follow,
We gained a craggy ledge ;

Looked on the waves extended
Far as the eye could reach,
Purple with white crest blended,
Hurrying towards the beach ;

Saw the great rollers sunder
Rainbow-wreathed at our feet,
Heard, with a ceaseless thunder,
Earth and the ocean meet.

Keen was the wind that braces,
Salt was the flying spray,
Swift in the lonely places
Sped the October day.

AT SPRING CREEK

33

Joy was it there to ponder ;
Loth to depart were we,
Leaving the white sail yonder
Tossing on wine-dark sea.

THE BREAK-UP OF THE DROUGHT

OVER the deep blue brine,
Over the brown-sailed boats,
Over the fens where serpents twine
And the wide-winged eagle floats,
The black clouds, opal-lined,
Swam up, and the wind behind
From the she-oaks shred
The needles red,
As the storm came up from the west.

Slowly and soft, at first,
The ripple of rain came down
On the red earth, cracked with thirst,
On the grass that was bleached and brown,
Till, at last, in a river it came,
Blent with the lightning's flame,
And, fold after fold,
Slow inland rolled
The clouds that came up from the west.

THE BREAK-UP OF THE DROUGHT 35

And we laughed at the mist and cold,
As home in the Eight we rowed,
For we knew that the floods would turn to gold
The river that under us flowed,
That an emerald girth
Would encircle the earth
When the rain was gone,
And the bright sun shone,
And the storm had passed from the west.

WATTLE BLOSSOM REVISITED

THERE is a lonely spot,
By men remembered not,
A little grassy hollow, wattle-crowned,
By summer sun unscathed,
In liquid azure bathed,
Whereto there steals the sea's soft murmurous
sound,
And through the leafy screen
The Otway's blue is seen,
And all around is tranquil quietude,
And the deep-brooding hush of sylvan solitude.

This is enchanted ground,
Whoso is on it found
Must lay aside the weight of earthly care,
Must be at heart a boy
Filled with perpetual joy,
Filled with the love of life, and all things fair,
And so, repining not,
Contented with his lot,
Shall find a second spring a second blossom bear,
Shall drink a perfect draught of that diviner air.

GRASS-TREE PLAIN

FAR back, far back,
Far from the beaten track,
Upon the margin of the grass-tree plain,
Among black wattles looking o'er the main,
Our camp is made.

Bright winter wreaths
Of white and crimson heaths
We intertwine with frondage of the fern,
The water bubbles and the branches burn
With crackling blaze.

Lone is that spot,
And yet forgotten not
The misty morning, and the orange glow
That dyed at eve the purple waves below
And western hills.

Ah ! for one hour
Give back the vanished flower
That faded in the spring-time of the year,
When hope, and youth, and all fair things
were near,
Too soon, too soon.

A RIVER CAMP

ONLY a spot on the river ;
Only the tideway clear,
And the olive woodland rising
To the Otway tier on tier ;

Only the green brine rushing
Up from the river mouth ;
Only the air enchanted
From the ocean of the south ;

Only the wattle waving
By the bittern-haunted fen ;
Only a camp of schoolboys
Far from the path of men.

What is the reason, O river,
We have learnt to love you so
In the dim red gloom of the dawning,
In the purple twilight glow ?

No answer ; but the wavelets
Soft on the sandbank chafe,
And the steel-blue river cherishes
Her guarded secret safe.

DATUR HORA QUIETI

THERE is nought to the east and westward,
Nought but the gray coast-line,
Not a sail on the dim horizon ;
But the breath of the ocean brine
Comes up to the drifted sand-ridge
In a cool, deep draught divine.

There are only the sea-birds calling
Over the lonely strand,
There are only the breakers falling
White on the yellow sand ;
But the deep blue vault of the heavens
Consecrates sea and land.

There is no tower or temple,
No tracery of spires,
No sound of organ pealing,
No voice of earthly choirs ;
But here is the vast cathedral
The soul of a man desires.

For the Lord Omnipotent moveth
Still on the waters' breast,
'The great Benediction abideth
On the ocean east and west,
And brings to the troubled freedom,
And gives to the weary rest.

AT A WINTER CAMP

IN winter days, when western breezes keen,
Sink to a softer mood,
When tremulous leaves of ever-during green
Are stilled to quietude,
When shining threads of gossamer are seen
O'er meadows deep bedewed,
How sweet it is, in solitude serene,
Fair Nature to have wooed.

Flecked is the vault of heaven overhead,
With white clouds floating slow,
And far away the hills are overspread
With one deep emerald glow ;
'The basket-osiers raise their branches red
Above the Barwon's flow ;
And faint is heard across the river's bed
The ocean murmuring low.

I know not how—but those blue tranquil days,
Of brooding mother-earth,
Restore us to the long untrodden ways
Of boyhood, and of mirth,

Scatter the vaunted idols of our praise
As things of little worth,
And deadened fibres of the heart can raise
To newer life and birth.

MILFORD SOUND, N.Z.

IN evening to the earth's remotest island,
O'er the dark sea, we came ;
No rose-red sunset lit the lonely highland,
Or fired the snow with flame.

Only, above us, mountains icy-crested
Guarded the solemn Sound—
Mount Pembroke and the Mitre, rocky-breasted,
With misty mantles crowned.

We entered, and the forest greenly towered
Above the gloomy sea,
And cliffs and sullen precipices lowered
In sombre majesty.

On every side the lofty falls descended—
Some jets of thinnest gray,
And some that with the dusky billows blended
In thunder and in spray.

Slowly above the misty wreaths uplifted,
And from the deck below
Glimpses we caught of glaciers cloud-enrifting,
And the eternal snow.

Upon these grim and earthquake-riven peaks
No mortal foot hath trod,
But in their silent solitude they speak
As with the voice of God.

WATTLE AND MYRTLE

Hendecasyllabics

GOLD of the tangled wilderness of wattle,
Break in the lone green hollows of the hills,
Flame on the iron headlands of the ocean,
Gleam on the margin of the hurrying rills.

Come with thy saffron diadem, and scatter
Odour of Araby that haunts the air ;
Queen of the woodland, rival of the roses,
Spring in the yellow tresses of thy hair.

Surely the old Gods, dwellers in Olympus,
Under thy shining loveliness have strayed,
Crowned with thy clusters magical Apollo,
Pan with his reedy music might have played.

Surely within thy fastness, Aphrodite,
She of the Seaways, fallen from above,
Wandered beneath thy canopy of blossom,
Nothing disdainful of a mortal's love.

Aye, and her sweet breath lingers on the wattle,
Aye, and her myrtle dominates the glade,
And with a deep and perilous enchantment
Melts in the heart of lover and of maid.

ON CORIO BAY

'Tis sweet to see from off the bay,
On some divine autumnal day,
Corio's city rising fair,
Enthronèd in translucent air,
Engirdled with the living green
From Barrabool to Bellarine,
To watch the windless sea afar
Beyond the inner harbour bar.

'Tis well to feel the light boat glide
On with the outward-sweeping tide,
To hear the gurgle of the oars,
To gaze on placid, lonely shores,
To see the clear-cut ranges rise
Dark purple to the liquid skies,
To touch with grating keel upon
The margin shoal of Avalon.

But richer far the day's decline,
When hill and valley rosy shine,

When the sea-mirror, pearly gray,
Flames out a scarlet waterway,
When earth and air and waters, blent
In harmony of calm content,
Await amid the waning light
The hour of starry-kirtled night.

THE KING TIDE

In Queensland the highest spring tide is called the King Tide

Out of the purple ocean
 Drawn by the sun and moon,
Fleeting by palm-clad headland,
 Darting by sandy dune,
Through the fast shoaling waters
 Where the great breakers ride,
Up with a ten-knot current
 Rushes the great King Tide.

Cranny and cornice of granite
 Sink in the boiling surge,
Up to far inland marshes
 The giant torrents urge ;
The river is stayed in his passage,
 Though mighty and deep and wide,
And the canefields wave to the streamlets,
 “ Make way for the great King Tide.”

Sirius looks and Canopus
 Down from the velvet blue
On the wild waste of waters
 Scouring the channels new,

Bridges and boats are broken,
Earthwork and pier defied,
As with a force unspoken
Gathers the great King Tide.

So be the men who rule us,
Silent and firm and strong,
Irresistible ever,
Stemming the stream of wrong,
Toiling as men for manhood,
Helping the weaker side,
Forceful, invincible, royal,
As is the great King Tide.

THE AMPHITHEATRE CLIFF

RIVER GLENELG

No mark of man, or trace, or sign, or token
That here our race has been ;
Only around there lies the ring unbroken
Of forest olive green.

With but the lonely eagle o'er us wheeling
'Tis sweet awhile to dream ;
To watch the mighty pinioned shadow stealing
Over the broad brown stream.

'Tis sweet to look on rocks that guard the river,
Pure white and violet gray ;
To watch the needles of the she-oak shiver,
Hung down the cliff half-way.

No breath of air : the silence that is meetest
Broods o'er the earth and sky,
Only the under-murmur ever sweetest
Tells that the sea is nigh.

AT AVALON

BENEATH gray-brooding, gracious skies
The lonely land before us lies—
A royal sweep of verdant plain,
Fresh brightened by October's rain ;
From Station Peak to Harbour Bar
Nor sight nor sound is there to mar
The perfect peace that rests upon
The wind-swept plains of Avalon.

Here, dreaming of the tranquil days,
Afar from life's hard-trodden ways,
'Tis sweet to hear the curlew's note,
To watch the wild hawk o'er us float,
To gaze on mountains dimly seen
The wavering forest-boughs between,
And know that life is fair upon
The wind-swept plains of Avalon.

Here, for a moment, let us be
From every earthly trouble free,

And let the voices that are dear
Be music to our listening ear—
Loud let the keen salt sea-wind sing
And wide the she-oak tresses fling,
And bright shall be our day upon
The plains of wind-swept Avalon.

THE AUSTRALIAN SUNRISE

THE Morning Star paled slowly, the Cross hung low
to the sea,
And down the shadowy reaches the tide came swirling free,
The lustrous purple blackness of the soft Australian night
Waned in the gray awakening that heralded the light ;
Out of the dying darkness over the forest dim
The pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant limb,
Till the sun came up from ocean, red with the cold sea mist,
And smote on the limestone ridges, and the shining tree-tops kissed ;
Then the fiery Scorpion vanished, the magpie's note was heard,
And the wind in the she-oak wavered, and the honeysuckles stirred,

The airy golden vapour rose from the river breast,
The kingfisher came darting out of his crannied
nest,
And the bulrushes and reed-beds put off their
sallow gray
And burnt with cloudy crimson at dawning of the
day.

AT MOUNT MORIAC

O soft December day !

Not with the hot north blast,
Not with the burning rays upon us cast,
But with the west wind fleet
And with a gracious and a temperate heat,
With gray cool canopy of cloud, you came with us
to stay.

Oh, happiness to rove

In aromatic air,
Far up the long Mount Moriac valley fair ;
What pleasure to have passed
By wild-rose banks and meadows richly grassed,
By ripening cherry orchards and by almond grove.

How gay the Bracken Camp,

With silver wattle hemmed,
And the bleached gum-trees which the storms
have stemmed :
How long beneath their shade
Our mid-day halt in russet fern was made
Before we started seaward for our vagrant tramp !

Here ages long ago
The lava torrent flowed,
And through dun smoke a fiery column glowed,
But all is now at rest,
With waving boughs and emerald mantle blest,
And on the crater's side the cattle wander slow.

Facing the rainbow's arch,
How swiftly home we came,
'Neath skies with pink and opal all aflame,
Till from the Belmont ridge
We saw the orange lights above the Bridge,
And passed the whispering avenue of gum, and fir,
and larch.

A WESTERN STATION

WHERE nought can dim the lustre
Of blue Australian skies,
Where thick the wattles cluster,
And bird to bird replies ;
Where blossoms are not faded,
Where storm has not invaded,
By forest green embraided
The Western station lies.

Our home, whose walls are hidden
By broad verandah bowers,
Where purple fruit forbidden
And yellow jasmine flowers ;
Where, deep in shade, reposes
The garden, gay with roses
September's sun uncloses,
Aglow with dewy showers.

We see the lakes that slumber
Beneath Mount Leura's crest,
See flocks in countless number
On plains toward the west ;

Here drought, with fiery finger,
May touch, but never linger,
But hasten on to wing her
Red way to north, unblest.

Lone peaks we rest our eyes on
Above the boundless green,
Against the blue horizon
Like azure islands seen ;
And, far from ocean's thunder,
From all the world asunder,
The tranquil heavens under,
We lead a life serene.

The bush is our dominion,
The saddle is our home ;
And, as on eagle pinion,
All day we ride and roam ;
And when the good horse races
We feel upon our faces
The glorious air that braces,
Up-blown from southern foam.

Whate'er we guard and cherish
The years can make or mar,
And love itself may perish,
And we may wander far ;

But through the mists estranging,
For all true hearts unchanging,
There still abides unchanging
The Western homestead star.

SPRING

MAIDEN of the Southern Spring,
Welcome thine awakening,
Come with footsteps airy light
O'er the purple-crownèd height ;
Come with wealth of yellow hair,
Waving o'er thy shoulders fair ;
Come with sweet eyes of the dove,
Turning all the world to love.
Maiden, stay with us awhile
In the giant southern isle.

Come with softly weeping showers
Melting o'er the wattle bowers,
Where the golden tassels bear
Odours to the amorous air ;
Send the rivers running free
From the mountains to the sea,
Bring the meadows emerald gay
Where the blackened herbage lay ;
Come, thou maiden fair and kind,
Daughter of the Western wind.

Come to gladden men of toil
With the gift of wine and oil,
With the myriad flocks' increase
Richer than the fabled fleece,
Bless the orchard and the vine,
Bless the labourer in the mine,
Brighten thou the lonely hut
From the Titan timber cut,
Where the children, frank and free,
Smile about their mother's knee.

Bring the silver saffron-lace
Of the clematis to grace,
Ivy-dark acacia hedges,
And above the sallow sedges
Plant the pliant osier bed
With its tint of wintry red,
Nurse the sceptred bulrush banks,
And the tremulous reedy ranks,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover
O'er the haunts of swan and plover.

Come, O maiden, sun-embrowned,
With the almond blossom crowned,
Grant us in life's turmoil rude
Touch of nature's quietude ;
Hearts on loftier labours bent,
And the joy of pure content ;

And the one divinest thing
Wealth and knowledge cannot bring :
Love !—if we be given this,
Naught is wanting to our bliss.

KENNST DU DAS LAND

Know'st thou the land where thick the wattles grow,
And golden blossoms through the green leaves glow,
Where, giant like, the eucalyptus towers
And with fresh fragrance fills the forest bowers ?

Know'st thou it well ? Oh, thither, O my
friend,

Thither with thee, beloved, would I wend !

Know'st thou the coast, the white-flowered belt of ti
That hides the cold face of the hungry sea—

Know'st thou the waves, blue bosomed, emerald
browed,

And the white foam-wreaths that our cliffs enshroud ?

Know'st thou it well ? Oh, far from that
dark sea,

Far off, belovèd, would I gladliest be !

Know'st thou the boundless, rolling Queensland
downs,

The lonely stations and divided towns—

Know'st thou the mystery of the fire and flood,
Of that adventure that enchants the blood ?

Thither, O friend, to that wild life and free,
Thither, beloved, would I gladliest be !

Thither, beloved, o'er the purple range,
Beyond the world of doubt and chance and change—
To some far northern valley let us roam,
And by the rushing river find a home :

Thither, from out the struggle, O my friend,
Thither at last, beloved, let us wend.

SCOTLAND YET

THE lake, she said, is bonnie blue,
And Barwon banks are fair,
But tell me not of the southern streams,
My heart—it is not there.
Though half the world between us be,
Though I am old and worn,
My heart's in pleasant Teviotdale
And the land where I was born.

You may tell of the giant Murray's gates,
Of the Snowy River cold,
Of the streams that flow from the Gippsland lakes,
Rich in their sand of gold :
They are fair, maybe, but aye to me
The Tweed is aboon them all,
As it runs on down with its crystal brown
By cottage and farm and hall.

I would that I saw the valley green,
With the rushing mountain rills,
And the rowan tree with its berries red
On the knees of the Border hills.

And it's oh ! for the sound of a falling burn
With its music sweet and wild,
For the home I loved, for the friends I knew
In the days when I was a child !

FROM CERES' HEIGHTS

A CLOUDLESS day, Corio Bay
A sheet of rippling blue,
Above the town a hazy brown,
And orchards gleaming through ;
A belt of green, a tower half seen,
The ocean's flash afar,
The inland sea that glitters free
Beyond the harbour bar.

From Ceres' height we catch the light
On purple ranges' crest,
And fold on fold in green unrolled
The garden of the West ;
The wattle blooms, the sea-haze looms
Far down upon the sky :
Australia fair, " who would not dare
For such a land to die ! "

BY THE LAKESIDE

WE wandered on the springy turf,
By briar all in bloom,
Across the lake we saw the surf
And yellow hummocks loom,
The air was redolent of brine
And odour of the ocean-wine.

The western wind with flying feet
Rustled the wattle bowers,
And, ever bringing something sweet,
The slowly moving hours
Sped onward—till the evening star
In misty splendour shone afar.

Ah ! not the famed Elysian plain
Or Rhadamanthine sway
Can ever bring to us again
That perfect, peerless day :
Sad through the world we wander on
The earthly Paradise is gone.

WOOD MUSIC

How golden was the hour we stood
Within the honeysuckle-wood,
When motionless above us lay
The under-leaves of silver-gray,
When from the belt of dreamy blue
The white sail trembled into view,
When all around there seemed to be
The scent and murmur of the sea !

I know not if the ocean air
Can dissipate the cloud of care,
Or if the wattle's bursting bud
Is potent to enchant the blood ;
I only know the restless feet
Of time can give us seasons sweet,
I only know that all was fair
When thou wert standing by me there.

“ OH! NOT FOR US THE LILAC BLOOM ”

Oh! not for us the lilac bloom,
For us the roses red,
Nor yet the linden's leafy gloom
Green arching overhead,
But wattles gold and yellow broom
And oar to rowlock wed.

Oh! not for us the garden trim
That tells of wealth and ease,
Or cattle by the river brim
Grass-covered to the knees,
But sunlight o'er the flashing rim
Of misty eastern seas.

Oh! not for us the storied towers
That England's glory teach,
And not for us the ivied bowers
That crown the watery reach,
But lonely lake and land are ours,
And ours the ocean beach.

“OH! NOT FOR US THE LILAC BLOOM” 73

Oh! not for us the gentle breeze
O'er hawthorn hedges pale,
Nor ours the whispering poplar trees
Adown the dewy vale,
But ours the sweep of stormy seas,
And ours the southern gale.

And ours the days that never pall,
The life of careless glee,
The fellowship that binds us all
When the boat is running free,
When the purple twilight shadows fall
From Otway o'er the sea.

TE HAKA TO ANARA

A NEW ZEALAND LOVE SONG

MAORI maiden, darkly fair,
Wearing in thy dusky hair
 Crimson rata flowers,
Maiden with the face divine,
Graceful as the Kauri pine
 That above us towers.

Maiden, fear thou not to wed
One who for his country bled
 By his warriors' side,
Who the Maori land and sea
From the stranger-race to free
 Gladly would have died.

Yes, the pale invaders take
Snow-capped mountain, dark-blue lake,
 All our own of right ;
Yet is left a little space
For the remnant of our race,
 Ere we vanish quite.

Yes, though much be from us reft,
Still, Anara, there is left

Love to crown our life,
And, my dearest, I would dare
Still to deem the future fair,
Might I call thee wife.

Then, beside the western foam
Come with me and make thy home,
And the bridal song
Shall be music to my heart
That may half efface the smart
Of my country's wrong.

CORONA INUTILIS

I TWINED a wreath of heather white
To bind my lady's hair,
And deemed her locks in even light
Would well the burden bear ;
But when I saw the tresses brown,
And found the face so fair,
I tore the wreath, and left the crown
Of beauty only there.

THE GRAVEYARD AT "THE BEND," BREAM CREEK

THREE lonely graves beside an Austral stream,
Earth to the dark earth wed—
No mark, no stone, to tell the name or place
Of the forgotten dead.

No fence, or bound, to stay the careless tread
Of those who wander here ;
No flower to prove the lasting love of those
To whom the dead were dear.

Yet are they not forgotten—for the gums
By the stream's silent verge,
Bending their dusky foliage overhead,
Murmur a tuneful dirge.

Yet are they not forgotten—for the sea
With endless thunder roar,
Sings everlasting requiem o'er them,
On the near southern shore.

Man may forget ; but Nature, ever kindly,
 Weeps o'er their lowly bed,
And with a mournful music evermore
 Honours the unknown dead.

BY THE FIRS

OFt in the garden walk my fancy lingers,
 Dreaming of sunnier Junes,
Of the light touch of slender fairy fingers
 Playing sweet phantom-tunes.

Dreaming, perchance, of youth too swiftly flying,
 Of hopes yet unfulfilled,
Of those I loved, beneath the dark earth lying,
 Of friendship early chilled.

But from the playground come the merry voices,
 And bid me learn the truth—
That he who loves his fellow-men rejoices,
 Blest with perpetual youth ;

That he is wise who lives in all contentment,
 With thoughts not backward cast,
Nor idly treads with void and vain resentment
 The chambers of the past.

SUNSET

OVER the dark-green hills
A film of feathery gray
That glowed in the light of the parting day
 To a fiery ruby-red,
Then faded out in the softest hue
That ever the petal of blush-rose knew,
 Till the sky was cold and dead.

Out of the vanished years,
The face of a phantom fair
That comes with the gleam of the golden hair
 And the rosy lips of morn,
That looks for a moment with gentle eyes
And whispers a greeting, and swiftly dies
 As hues of the sunset born.

GLENALMOND

GLENALMOND, pine-girt College of the North,
Home of my boyhood's years,
To you the love of all my heart goes forth,
And distance but endears.

For thou art sovereign of the purple hills,
Mistress of moorland wide,
The Ruler of the river and the rills
That gem the mountain-side.

Thine are the wind-swept battlements that tower
Above the fir-trees green,
Thee leagues of larch and dusky forest bower
Acknowledge as their Queen.

Below thee far rolls o'er its rock-strewn bed
The Almond, amber-clear,
Whose rising music, when the day is dead,
Thickens upon the ear.

Ah ! happy they who loved that valley fair,
The golden-tinted ferns,
The pineland, fraught with aromatic air,
The noise of falling burns.

Thou wert the kindest mother to thy sons,
Who still shall bear to thee,
So long as life-blood in their bosom runs,
Unswerving loyalty.

For, wheresoe'er we are, the rose-gray walls
Are present with us yet,
The lofty turret and the stately halls,
Above the forest set.

Still do we cherish, as in days of yore,
Thy bright inviolate fame ;
Still do we deem thee beautiful before
All schools of English name.

Beside the shrine of Britain's bygone kings
Rise Winchester's gray towers,
And meadowland in loving beauty clings
Close to her ancient bowers.

Fair art thou, mother, fairer far thy daughter,
Where, by the green-girt shores,
Flash ever brightly, o'er the imperial water,
Eton's impetuous oars.

Your sons about their hearts may well have wound
The love of lowland lea ;
Glenalmond, heather-girdled, forest-crowned,
Thou art most dear to me.

IN MEMORIAM

H. D.

(Killed at the Birks of Aberfeldy, July, 1873)

IN the cool, deep shade
Of the forest glade
I lay by the camp-fire dreaming,
And my heart went back
On the vanished track
Of the days there is no redeeming.

For I seemed to stand
In the Northern land
With the friend of my boyhood nigh me,
'Neath the dark green lines
Of the giant pines,
With the river rushing by me.

And winter was o'er,
And Spring once more
Had touched with her rosy red
The larches green,
And reigned a queen
From meadow to mountain head.

Yes, we met again
By the well-known glen,
By the heathered hills that bound it,
And I knew the grace
Of the pleasant face
And the sunny hair around it.

For the voice rang clear
That was quick to cheer,
Ever friend to the unbefriended,
While the fire of youth
And the heart of truth
In that bright young life were blended.

But the vision passed
In the forest vast,
And I heard but the mournful sighing
Of the wind that pressed
From the distant West,
From the land where my comrade's lying.

We may meet no more
As in days of yore
In the place where of old we parted,
For the fir trees wave
O'er the lonely grave
Of the true and tender-hearted.

SINODUN HILL

UNDER sweet Sinodun Hill
The oars were heavy, the wind was still ;
We drifted on at the current's will—
Heard the chime of the Dorchester bell
Lazily over the meadows swell,
Looked to the dim grey spires that rise
Under the blue of the English skies—
Under sweet Sinodun Hill.

Under sweet Sinodun Hill
I dreamed of a camp in a southern land—
Dreamed of the breakers, the yellow sand,
The cool sea-breeze and the flying boat,
The liquid warble of magpie's note,
Counted the wild, free days as more
Than the beauty the soft Thames valley wore—
Under sweet Sinodun Hill.

Sinodun Hill I see no more,
Near is the South Pacific's roar—

Hands that are trusty, hearts that are warm,
Drive our boat through the rain and storm :
But the dull green eucalyptus tree
Takes not the place of the elm for me,
And the face has vanished, the voice has gone
That touched my heart as we floated on—
Under sweet Sinodun Hill.

“ LOVELIER THAN ALL THE VALLEYS
OF IONIAN HILLS ”

Oh for the odour of the larch and pine,
For fern and foxglove dell,
For the gray granite of the Grampian line,
For purple heather-bell !

Oh for the long, sweet twilight of the North,
The faint, the wild-rose glow,
And, as the Evening Star comes stealing forth,
The river's voice below !

Oh for bright boyhood, for the hopes and fears,
The friends I cherished then ;
They call to me through all the vanished years
From that lone Highland glen !

VOTA MAGISTRI

O qui me gelidis convallibus Hæmi
Sistat et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra ?

Oh! give to me the tidal green,
The rocks of ruby gray,
The red the forest trunks between
At breaking of the day.

Oh! give to me the fiery-scarred
Black stems of box and pine,
The virgin fountain's draught unmarred,
The breath of airy wine.

Oh! give to me the line that curves
Out light as thistle-down,
The sudden dart of a fish that swerves
Below the oily brown.

Oh! give to me the water dark,
To me the ringing reel,
To me the quivering shocks that mark
The entry of the steel.

Oh! give to me the fish well played,
And landed in the net,
And the heavy basket heavier made
Before the sun has set.

Oh! give to me from Latin prose
Awhile a welcome rest,
And the brine-winged ocean-breeze that blows
O'er forests of the west.

A REED SONG

IN lonely places, where the stream
 Slow wanders by the grassy meads,
I love to listen, and I seem
 To hear among the rustling reeds
The murmur of the voices sweet
Of those whom I so fain would meet.

They are not vanished, for the thought
 Of those who love can re-create,
And oftentimes has fancy brought
 A balm to heal the wound of fate,
Although the gentle violets wave
Above the unforgotten grave.

For memory can bring again
 The joyous hours of other years,
And stir within the hearts of men
 The ancient spring of hopes and fears,
Can yet recall to realms of day
The vision of the Past-away,—

Can bid return the form, the face,
Of loved companions of our choice,
Can people the familiar place
With echoes of the silent voice,
And though it be a phantom tone,
We deem we are not all alone.

Then let me not be dull to note
Whate'er may prove a loftier birth,
To catch the mystic strains that float
Above the sorrow-laden earth,
To hear the music of the reeds
Beside the grassy river-meads.

“HEIMWEH”

THE MAIL STEAMER GOING OUT

1888

'Twas a sunny hour and brief, on the rampart of
the reef,

With a cataract of foam at our side,
As we saw the breakers pour with a never-ending
roar,
And we waited for the turning of the tide.

Past the waste of yellow sand by the belt of barren
land,

O'er the waters of the sea that divide
The great *Oroya* passed, to the westward steaming
fast,
As we waited for the turning of the tide.

In a moment home was near, and forgotten voices
dear

From the tumult of the reef seemed to glide,
And, from out the mist of spray, glittered faces far
away,
As we waited for the turning of the tide.

All the love of long ago, all the bitterness we know,
All the sorrow, and the grief, and the pride,
With a dull undying pain came back to me again,
As we waited for the turning of the tide.

But my good mate had no part in the pang that
 wrung my heart
As he gazed across the ocean, steady-eyed,
Where the dim horizon sank to the she-oaks of the
 Schanck,
And we waited for the turning of the tide.

ODE TO APOLLO

Tandem venias precamur
Nube candentes humeros amictus
Augur Apollo.

LORD of the golden lyre
Fraught with the Dorian fire,
O fair-haired child of Leto, come again ;
And if no longer smile
Delphi or Delos' isle,
Come from the depth of thine Ætnean glen,
Where in the black ravine
Thunders the foaming green
Of waters writhing far from mortal's ken ;
Come o'er the sparkling brine,
And bring thy train divine—
The sweet-voiced and immortal violet-crownèd
Nine.

For here are richer meads,
And here are goodlier steeds,

Than ever graced the glorious land of Greece ;
Here waves the yellow corn,
Here is the olive born—
The gray-green gracious harbinger of peace ;
Here too hath taken root
A tree with golden fruit,
In purple clusters hangs the vine's increase,
And all the earth doth wear
The dry clear Attic air
That lifts the soul to liberty, and frees the heart
from care.

Or if thy wilder mood
Incline to solitude,
Eternal verdure girds the lonely hills,
Through the green gloom of ferns
Softly the sunset burns,
Cold from the granite flow the mountain rills ;
And there are inner shrines
Made by the slumberous pines,
Where the rapt heart with contemplation fills,
And from wave-stricken shores
Deep wistful music pours
And floods the tempest-shaken forest corridors.

Oh! give the gift of gold
The human heart to hold

With liquid glamour of the Lesbian line ;
 With Pindar's lava glow,
 With Sophocles' calm flow,
Or Æschylean rapture airy fine ;
 Or with thy music's close
 Thy last autumnal rose,
Theocritus of Sicily, divine ;
 Oh ! Pythian Archer strong
 Time cannot do thee wrong,
With thee they live for ever, thy nightingales of
 song.

 We too are island-born :
 Oh ! leave us not in scorn—
A songless people never yet was great.
 We, suppliants at thy feet,
 Await thy muses sweet
Amid the laurels at thy temple gate,
 Crownless and voiceless yet,
 But on our brows is set
The dim unwritten prophecy of fate,
 To mould from out of mud
 An empire with our blood,
To wage eternal warfare with the fire and flood.

 Lord of the minstrel choir,
 Oh ! grant our hearts' desire,

To sing of truth invincible in might,
Of love surpassing death
That fears no fiery breath,
Of ancient inborn reverence for right,
Of that sea-woven spell
That from Trafalgar fell
And keeps the star of duty in our sight :
Oh ! give the sacred fire,
And our weak lips inspire
With laurels of thy song and lightnings of thy
lyre.

SUCCESS

THE apple on the topmost tree
That ripens rosy red
Is ever fairest when we see
It hanging overhead.

But when, with many a weary fall,
At length we grasp the prize,
The longed-for treasure loses all
Its beauty in our eyes.

Ah ! could we know, our happiness
Is not in what we gain—
But in the struggle and the stress,
The effort to attain.

The patient heart, the steady toil—
Not one triumphant feat—
Alone can lift us from the soil,
And make life's labour sweet.

AT WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE

HE rests among the lonely hills
Where quiet Rothay murmurs by,
Where woods are fresh and mountain rills
Make music to the summer sky.

He sang the light that he had seen
Transfigure all our common life,
The love of home and village green,
The simple love of child and wife.

His visionary eye descried
The gleam of the immortal sea,
And his the soul that could abide
In Nature's deep tranquillity.

So sleeps the Poet of the Lakes
In Grasmere, where he wished to lie
But from his resting-place there breaks
A radiance that can never die.

SPEEDING THE FORLORN HOPE

You volunteers, who go to meet
Inevitable fate,
Whose mission is to chain a fleet
And block the narrow strait,

I bid you drink the water clear
From this great silver cup ;
In token that without a fear
Your lives are given up.

Had I a hundred sons to send,
I'd send them all with you,
Our country's freedom to defend
And this great deed to do.

Were I but of one child the sire,
He, too, should go to fight,
And in the ocean or the fire
Should perish for our right.

If you should lose or hand or arm,
Fight on until you fall ;
Cool be your head in war's alarm,
Obey your Captain's call ;

Think not of some heroic deed
Your bosom's pride to swell—
Yours is the simple sailor creed,
To serve your country well.

I send you to the gate of doom,
I bid you northward steer,
And when you hear the cannon boom
And know the end is near,

Submit yourself to Heaven's will,
And when you come to die,
Within your ears shall echo still
The mighty word, " Banzai."

THE KINGFISHER

SEA-BLUE winged and lilac breasted,
Blithesome as a lover's dream,
For thy younglings rocky-nested
Darting to the lonely stream,
Perching silent, happy mated,
On the green acacia bough,
Type of youth and sunny-fated
Liberty and love art thou.

ELDORADO

OH ! you who would attain
A palace for your pleasure,
Or Eldorado gain,
With store of golden treasure—
When all your toil is wrought,
Behold, you have not aught !
What profit has it brought
Fresh fields to measure ?

The weary thirst for gold
Must evermore pursue you,
And fame's embraces cold
With idle longings woo you—
And underneath the sun
The goal is never won,
For Love, when all is done,
Comes not unto you !

Ah ! deep triumphant bliss
The one true love of gaining—
All other triumph is
But froth and empty feigning.

I know thee what thou art,
Love—lord of every heart,
Thou hast the better part,
The joy unwaning !

“ DARK FISHER-HUT ”

DARK fisher-hut above the purple sea,
With clematis and roses close enwound,
Blest is the man who, coming, finds in thee
True wedded wife and children sun-embrowned.

The tawny nets are drying on the shore,
The empty boat is rocking on the bay,
Furled is the sail and idle is the oar,
The danger of the deep has passed away.

Oh, sweetest boon !—when wife and children live
Within one house with loving-kindness blest,
For this a man might all his substance give ;
And this is love—their own hearts know it best.

PAN OF THE SEA-SHORE

I STAND upon the sea-cliff, and I gaze
O'er the blue water to the harbour mouth ;
I watch the anchorage and ocean ways,
I guard the fishers running to the south.

Me does the passing mariner implore
For peaceful pilotage across the main,
And mine it is to waft his vessel o'er,
And bring him to his native land again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

COR CORDIUM

THOU wert the meteor poet of the morn,
The herald of the light,
Lord of the lightning lyre above us borne
Intolerably bright.

Thine was the verse of fire and air, the song
Of liberty and love—
Thine was the indignation at the wrong
That vibrates still above.

O heart of hearts—a hundred years are sped,
Thine eagle flight is o'er,
But thine eternal splendour is not dead—
Thou reignest evermore.

SYDNEY

THE blind Ionian poet sang of old
 Aiaia's faery isle,
Of wave-worn mariners, the sage, the bold,
 Entranced by Circe's wile.

So, Sydney, fairest sorceress lifted up,
 Behind her frowning gate,
With purple ocean in her emerald cup,
 Is mistress of man's fate.

BRISBANE

BRIGHT city, caught in the blue serpent coil
 Of thy broad brimming river,
The tropic East her aromatic spoil
 Shall at thy feet deliver,
And thou shalt reign, anointed by her oil,
 An Orient Queen for ever.

“ THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE ”

A MELTING eye of Irish blue,
A cheek that has the wild-rose hue,
A form both straight and slender ;
A soul as stainless as the skies,
A gentle heart wherein there lies
A love both deep and tender ;
A life of tranquil, calm repose,
That nought of wayward passion knows,
Or fashion's idle splendour—
The lady who our hearts can draw,
To make her lightest word a law,
To shield her and defend her.

• SURSUM CORDA

BE still, my soul, be still, and seek not thou to
measure

The flight of time by any lapse of years ;
Love is the dial of our pain and pleasure,
The alchemist distilling joy from tears.

Be glad, my soul, be glad—green-swirling through
the boulders

To bar the passage leaps the icy stream ;
Look up ! Press on ! above the cloudy shoulders,
Clear o'er the valleys, the white summits gleam.

Be glad, my soul, be glad—thy fear is unavailing,
Thy joy is earnest of a brighter day ;
Fight on, fight on, with courage yet unquailing,
With hope and love to guide thee on the way.

VELUT UNDA SUPERVENIT UNDAM

TURQUOISE skies are o'er us,
Yellow sands before us,
And to southward far
Lies the great sea-purple plain
Shoaling to the green again
Where the breakers are.

Every earthly trouble
Like a sea-born bubble
Melts in azure air,
And the ocean music floats
O'er the gently rocking boats,
O'er the inlet fair.

PLUCK

ONE stormy night, from off the swaying yard,
Two sailors fell upon the deck below,
And seamen rough, and weather-worn, and hard,
Grew softer-visaged at their comrades' woe.

They bore them down and laid them side by side,
With shattered limbs and faces deadly white,
Although the spirit had not in them died
That nerves the warrior for his country's right.

No wondrous anodyne was nigh to hold
In painless sleep the anguish of the knife.
Full hard it was for heroes to be bold,
And bear the agony that saved the life.

And yet without a groan or murmuring
The first who suffered bore of pain his share,
Knowing the thrill of any cry would bring
A double pang to him who waited there.

A type of English chivalry was he,
True sailor-hero in the hour of need,
Who showed in torture's keen extremity
The dauntless courage of the lion's breed.

Such have old England's seamen ever been—
Who never feared a foreign foe to meet,
Who, constant to their country and their Queen,
Have snatched a victory even from defeat.

FROM PLATO

GAZING, my star, upon the starlit skies
That shine so bright above thee,
Would I were heaven with all its starry eyes
To look on thee and love thee!

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES PERRY, D.D.

(First Bishop of Victoria)

WITH clearer vision on the heavenly height
He reads the riddle that we may not spell—
He comprehends the mystery aright,
And understands that all is ordered well.

We do but see the shadows on the wall,
We weep for earthly longings unfulfilled—
We seek uneasy pleasures, and we fall
Ere that great music to our heart has thrilled.

But those pure souls unselfishly who live,
Who at the altar lay their passions down—
Theirs is the peace the world can never give,
Theirs the green laurel and unfading crown.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR

Nor to the strong, to those who lead the van,
Who fear no danger and who know no doubt,
Nor dread the whisper of the demon rout,
With healing message came the Son of Man.
Nay, but with love the fevered brow to fan,
To bind with pity open wounds that bleed,
With gentle hand the straying sheep to lead,
To give the comfort which the Eternal can :
For these afflicted ones—the weak, the sad,
The lonely and the sorrow-laden souls—
Are pearls upon the coronet of the King,
Flowers of His Paradise, who shall be glad
When to their eyes the heaven of heavens unrolls
And in their ears the angel-welcomes ring.

CHRIST CHURCH, GEELONG

CHRIST CHURCH, the beautiful, the ivy-crowned
There is no trace of our new land in thee,
But some old English church methinks I see
With lilac and laburnum clustering round,
Stand in its plot of consecrated ground,
Where simple villagers may bend the knee,
And raise the voice of adoration free,
And hear the pealing organ's solemn sound.
Type art thou of the truth that still abides,
That in all fortune, under every sun,
The steadfast landmarks of our faith endure,
That Hope and Courage still must be our guides,
The rugged heights of duty must be won,
Before the final victory is sure.

NIGHT

THE yellow sickle of the climbing moon
Is thronèd in the blue and boundless vault,
And for a space belated travellers halt
To catch the echo of the angels' tune.
The sleeping hills are steeped in silver bright,
And in white radiance silent forests stand,
And gleaming rolls above the lonely land
The immeasurable Company of Light.
On such a night, beneath the Syrian stars,
The heavens were opened, and the Hebrew
gazed
On Sons of God descending to the earth
And re-ascending by the golden bars,
And—tranced in adoration, and amazed—
He knew the promise of Messiah's birth.

SOLITUDE

(After the picture by Sir F. Leighton)

THIS is the maiden Solitude, too fair
For mortal eyes to gaze on—she who dwells
In the lone valley where the water wells
Clear from the marble, where the mountain air
Is resinous with pines, and white peaks bare
Their unpolluted bosoms to the stars,
And holy Reverence the passage bars
To meaner souls who seek to enter there ;
Only the worshipper at Nature's shrine
May find that maiden waiting to be won,
With broad calm brow and meek eyes of the
dove,
May drink the rarer æther all divine,
And, earthly toils and earthly troubles done,
May win the longed-for sweetness of her love.

THE MATTERHORN

SILENT, majestic, wonderful, alone,
Above the golden yellow of the larch,
Above the deep blue of the glacier arch,
Thou towerest, mighty Matterhorn ; thy throne
Glitters encrimsoned in the icy zone,
And on thy wrinkled precipices gleams
The glamour of the Alpine sunset beams :
A loveliness to lower lands unknown.
The wavy cloud that in the morning fled
Comes back once more to thine empurpled
side,
An airy, filmy form, unlike to thee,
Vast azure-cleaving monarch, rosy red,
Nearer it floats—a deeply blushing bride,
A marvel and a miracle to see.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MOUNTAINS

WE soar aloft in utter solitude,
In high communion with the sun and stars,
And reck not of the warring note that jars
The music of the spheres ; though Man obtrude
His ant-like presence on our solemn mood,
Climbing the razor ridge and glacier bars,
And winning to the summit. Nothing mars
The sombre silence of our altitude ;
We stand serene, indifferent to fate,
Chilling poor mortals with our icy breath,
And facing all the blasts of east or west,
Above the touch of envy, love, or hate.
We hold within our hollows life or death,
And on our snow-peaks broods eternal rest.

BARRAGUNDA

A LITTLE space from off the giddy verge,
And circled by the yellow she-oak boughs,
Lies storm-lashed Barragunda. On her brows
Glitters the salt spray of the southern surge,
And at her feet the mighty breakers urge
Their waters to the hollows cavernous,
And thence, with thunder ever murmurous,
Like snow-white carded wool again emerge.
Sea-haunted Barragunda ! thou dost look
Over the waste of waters, wild and wide,
To the blue Otway and the Barwon mouth—
Thou art the loneliest and the loveliest nook
That nestles on the sheer cliff's landward side,
Rose-crowned, despite the tempests of the
south.

TO THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF
MELBOURNE

TRUE labourer in the vineyard, at the hour
The Master called you came, and you have seen
The barren country clothed with lively green,
And the full season of the fruit and flower.
To constant souls like yours we owe the dower
Of churches where the wilderness has been—
Of this fair school, that in our hearts is queen,
With purpling ivy mounting o'er its tower.
The Past and Present greet you—oldest friend
And truest gentleman—example pure
Of steadfast love and faith unshaken still :
Yours is the loyalty that does not bend—
Yours is the faith and courage that endure
When the last twilight fades upon the hill.

IN MEMORY OF H. E. SEARLE

AUSTRALIA's champion—hero of the oar—
Who risked a life an English lad to save !
Triumphantly you came across the wave
To meet the welcome of your native shore :
The deed Australia longed for had been done—
The wreath of sprays from dusk Canadian pine,
Where English roses and the wattle twine,
By you on English waters had been won ;
But e'er you touched the margin, e'er the sight
Of that fair city broadened on your view,
Came the relentless angel to your side,
And the great oarsman—victor in the fight—
Saw not his own green hills or harbour blue,
But, ere fulfilment of his triumph, died !

APRIL IN AUSTRALIA

SWEET is it in the forest's solitude,
Autumnal April of the underworld,
To see again the green grass dew-impearled,
To feel the calmness of thy gentle mood,
When southern seas are quiet, nor obtrude
The furnace blasts from northern deserts hurled,
But heavenward the thin blue smoke is curled,
And sea-fowl on the placid waters brood.
Fair Indian summer of the Austral year,
When to the toiler comes the rest deferred,
When garnered are the summer's golden sheaves,
Thee of all seasons do we deem most dear,
When all is hushed and still, and hardly stirred
The ever-tremulous eucalyptus leaves.

WINTER SUNSET ON THE AUSTRALIAN COAST

WILD skies and wilder waters, and the glow
Of stormy sunset on the forest capes,
And deep below the black fantastic shapes
Of boulders gleaming in tempestuous snow ;
The gloomy rollers for a moment show
Upon their bellying green reflected back
The sullen crimson of the cloudy rack,
Driven by the strong south-wester to and fro ;
A thousand fraying branches interlock
Of hardy ti-tree warring with the gales,
And vocal with a glorious minstrelsy ;
But louder yet, on sand and ringing rock,
Round all the island continent prevails
The mighty diapason of the sea.

FOR

PERISH the native names ! Who hath defiled
The towns of men of English lineage
By sounds whose very utterance war doth wage
Against the tongue of Europe's cultured child ?
Booligal, Mudgee, and Croajingolong,
Mawallock, Burrabogie, Natimuk—
Such uncouth jargon would of old have struck
Paralysis amid the realms of song.
No ! English names best fit an English town—
Chatham or Sydney, as a type of all
The men of larger, more heroic mould,
Whose constant fortitude and fair renown
May, like a trumpet-blast, our souls recall
From party passion and the lust of gold.

AGAINST

OH, spare the native names ! 'Twere hard indeed
Were " Tinpot Gully " handed down to fame
As record of an old Australian name.
Does " Murderer's Flat " imagination feed
With aught of noble ? Nay, we rather love
Words that possess the murmur musical
Of distant streams that through the forest fall,
Or sound of branches rustling high above.
Best Langi-Ghiran for the Eagles' Land,
Marida-Yallock for the Pleasant Brook,
Corio, Yarra, sounds that well express,
In the strange language of a dusky band
Who caught their lesson from fair Nature's book,
The barbaric beauty of the wilderness.

ONE HUNDRED AND TEN DAYS OUT

How often on the honeysuckle rise
We stand and gaze across the purple plain
Out to the dim horizon. We are fain
For the dark smoke-trail on the western skies,
The herald of the lightning flash that cries,
“The vanished vessel comes; not all in vain
Was longing prayer and love that sought again
The welcoming of unforgotten eyes.”
And yet the sea is sailless : did some heap
Of waters whelm her on the Afric coast,
Or underneath Canopus does she grope
Her lonely path on the Antarctic deep ?
God is most with us when we trouble most,
And man’s best wisdom is to wait and hope.

SCHOOL VERSES

STET FORTUNA DOMUS

GRAY school, firm set upon the wind-swept hill,
Deep-ivied to the topmost tower of all,
How oft we hear from thy green-mantled wall
At early dawn the fresh bird-music trill!
How sweet the scent of the November rose!
How fair to see the honeysuckle twine,
With white and scarlet blossom, and the line
Of lilies waving when the west wind blows!
Fair home! thou reignest in our hearts a queen,
And well may love be given unto thee,
Who givest life so vigorous and free:
Mother of men thou art—and thou hast been
The teacher of well-ordered liberty—
The home of learning and of loyalty.

ODE FOR THE JUBILEE OF THE GEELONG GRAMMAR SCHOOL

1907

FLORUIT, FLORET, FLOREAT

DEAR Mother of men and of learning,
Dear home of the happiest days,
How oft with a passionate yearning
Your children have echoed your praise ;
How often, in fancy returning,
Have trodden the magical ways,
And seen on the Barrabools burning
The last lilac rays !

How oft in the desolate places
Alone on the turbulent shore,
Or deep in the forest embraces
You longed for the rifle and oar !
You dreamed of the matches and races,
Of boy and of master of yore
Or sighed for the phantom of faces,
Seen now nevermore.

She knows, the gray-turreted Mother,
Green-crowned on the crest of the hill,
The loyalty nothing can smother,
The courage that nothing can chill,
The sons who are true to no other,
Whose hearts are unwavering still,
Who stand as a brother to brother
Through good and through ill.

The years of your boyhood have faded,
And almond besprinkled the brown,
And sorrow your soul has invaded,
But weighed not your fealty down ;
For ever alone and unaided
In desert, on station, in town,
You strove and you conquered as they did
Who won us the crown.

For you are the men to be trusted
Who grimly the colours defend,
The warriors, battle-bedusted,
Too lofty of spirit to bend,
Who never for flattery lusted,
Who never deserted a friend,
Who never in idleness rusted,
But fought to the end.

Come back to the field and the river,
Return to the camps of the free,
With welcome the rushes shall shiver,
The willows shall waver in glee.
Their chorus the boys shall deliver
Beneath the old tamarisk tree,
The moonlight on water shall quiver
The stars on the sea.

So, firm to the troth you have plighted,
You gather again to the fold,
You turn to the lamp that is lighted
With wisdom and knowledge of old,
The Past and the Present united,
Meet under the banner unrolled,
The colours that never were slighted—
The Light Blue and Gold.

The year of our Jubilee gliding
Is but as a watch in the night,
The track of a meteor sliding,
A speck on the century's flight,
The finger of fortune deriding
Can shatter our uttermost might,
And nothing on earth is abiding
But honour and right.

Yet forward with courage undying,
Dear School of our love and our pride,
All peril and danger defying,
Go forth on the full of the tide,
With ensign of victory flying,
With rampart of sons at your side,
On labour and duty relying,
With truth for your guide.

ON THE BARWON

NEVER a cloud in the clear blue sky,
Never a breath of the cooling breeze,
Pleasant it is on the boughs to lie
Where we can lazily swing at our ease,
Watching the river gliding by,
Hearing the hum of the laden bees,
Wondering when will the coxswain cry,
“Time to be going—places, please.”

Hark ! at the sound of the coxswain's word
Oars are taken, and out she slides ;
Quickly the youthful blood is stirred,
As at the touch of the blades she glides—
As the Eight, like a fleet-winged bird
Over the yielding water rides,
Only the dip of the oars is heard,
Only the wash on her gleaming sides.

What if the rest of the world be fair,
Here is a world that is all our own—
Nought to trouble us ; envious Care
Back to the haunts of men has flown ;

Here, in the pure and stirless air,
Life at its brightest and best is known—
Health and happiness all can share,
Sorrow and grief to the winds are thrown.

A RACING EIGHT

EDMONDO WARRE ETONENSIIUM PRINCIPI,

REMIGUM FAUTORI,

D.D.

C.

Who knows it not, who loves it not,
The long and steady swing,
The instant dip, the iron grip,
The rowlocks' linkèd ring,
The arrowy sway of hands away,
The slider oiling aft,
The forward sweep, the backward leap,
That speed the flying craft ?

A racing eight of perfect mould,
True to the builder's law,
That takes the water's gleaming gold
Without a single flaw,
A ship deep resonant within,
Harmonious to the core,
That vibrates to her polished skin
The tune of wave and oar.

HOME IN THE STORM

ALL the day the summer sun had tried us,
And our hope was in the evening cool,
In the southern wind, so long denied us,
Sweeping over sea and river pool.

So we rowed and wrestled, happy-mated,
Bathed in breakers at the burning noon,
And among the pale green lignums waited
On the margin of the dark lagoon.

But at sunset, when the clouds were bright'ning
And the lilac with the rose was wed,
Came the inky pall, the vivid lightning,
And the angry thunder pealed o'erhead.

From above a rainy deluge spouted,
Hissing white upon the dusky lake,
And, disconsolate, we gazed and doubted
If the *Daphne* would regain the "Break."

But we turned and faced the stormy water,
Though the oars were dipped far up the loom,
And we struggled till at last we brought her
Through the channel in the gathering gloom.

Ever in the sky the steel-blue quiver
Of the lightning showed the landscape weird,
Lit the rushes, lit the silent river,
And amid the thunder disappeared.

But the storm passed and the calm succeeded,
And the moonbeams pierced the fleecy gray,
And, with better omen, on we speeded
Past the willows on our homeward way.

OUR MOTTO

“ Not self, but side,” our schoolboy pride
Is thus to win the day ;
And if defeat we chance to meet,
“ We played the game,” we say.
So in the strife of later life
The battle may we fight,
Not win applause, but aid our cause,
Defend the side of right.
Then, Lighter Blue, whate’er we do
Let this our motto be,
“ Not self, but side,” whate’er betide,
Shall win the victory.

CAMP IN THE TI-TREE SCRUB

COLD is the morning, leaden the sky,
Shifting the shingle under our feet,
Dreary the winds in the ti-tree sigh,
Sullenly near us the breakers beat.
Yet at the camp in the dark green scrub
Merrily fresh young voices meet :
Round the fire as our shoulders rub,
Why is our fellowship strangely sweet ?

Say, is there aught in the ocean air
Fraught with magic for heart and brain,
Making the past seem bright and fair,
Casting a glamour on bygone pain ?
Why by the side of the barren beach,
Spite of the driving wind and rain,
Comes there at will to the heart of each
Happiness elsewhere hard to attain ?

'Tis because of the friendship there
Aiding the meaner self to sink,
Bidding us more for our neighbours care,
Bidding us less of ourselves to think,

Teaching us from the unkindly deed,
 From the unkindly word, to shrink,
 Bidding us aid in the hour of need,
 Binding us all in its golden link.

Thus united content we rest,
 Nor for a richer banquet pine,
 Deeming our simple fare the best,
 Counting our tea as a draught divine ;
 Wind and weather can have no power
 The bloom from the flower of our life to
 rub,
 Happy are we at the morning hour
 There in our camp in the ti-tree scrub.

FORTUNA MERETRIX

To-day to thee, to-morrow to me,
And a fig for fortune's frown—
If we lose to-day we know the way
To raise the flag that is down ;
For he who to fortune bends the knee
Deserves not to win her crown.

To-day to thee, to-morrow to me,
With a light heart, oarsmen, row
On lake or sea, with the long swing free
And steady from stroke to bow ;
And the day shall be when we yet shall see
The laurels upon your brow.

SCHOOL CAMP FIRES

THE fires of our camps are scattered wide
By river and tree-clad height,
Where the green and the gold of the wattle hide
The sun in his fiery might—
By reedy lake and by meadow side
They shine with a ruddy light,
Or close to the ocean's chafing tide
They gleam at the fall of night.

They are dear to us all, for the friends we made,
For the fellowship given there,
For the love of the bush in its green arrayed,
For the hours that were fresh and fair,
For the noontide rest in the ti-tree shade,
For the breath of the woodland air,
For those who beside us have worked and played,
Ready our toil to share.

They are dear to us all, but are dearer still
For the thought of the friends of old,
Who may not again in the twilight chill
The light of our fires behold,

Who are severed far from the old School hill,
But whose hearts are true and bold,
And who follow us still, through good and ill,
With a love that grows not cold.

Long may the light of our camp-fires shine
By wood or by river bar,
In the glow of the dawning's faint red line
Or under the evening star ;
Be never a quarrel or angry sign
Our Saturday bright to mar,
May all be happy and none repine
Wherever our camp-fires are.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC

Who is our Leader ? He who works
The hardest and who never shirks.
Who is the freest ? He who shows
That he the worth of freedom knows.
Whom do we trust in ? Those we must
Confide in who have earned the trust.
Who holds no place upon our roll ?
The laggard and the sluggard soul.
Who do the honours most deserve ?
They only who will gladly serve—
They win the praise and hold the rule
In the Republic of the School.

ROWING VERSES

WHEN the black south-wester
Blows across the main
From the Otway forest,
Bringing clouds and rain,
When the banks are muddy
And the river high,
When half comprehended
Is the coach's cry—
Then's the time to stick to it,
Then's the time to row,
Putting all the weight in it,
If you mean to go.

'Tis the rougher water
Needs the longer swing,
Calls for backs in unison
And a sharper ring—
Calls for oar-blades covered
Only to the blue,
And for bodies driving it
From the stretcher through—

Calls for pluck and oarsmanship
 When the course is long,
 Both to keep her steady
 And to keep it strong.

Swing, then, all together, boys,
 Row, then, all as one,
 Only row the harder
 When you're getting done :
 Trust the stroke, and keep with him,
 Though the water's rough,
 With determination
 Not to "have enough."
 Row as those have rowed for us
 In the days of old,
 And the bonnie Light-blue
 Yet her own shall hold.

IN THE *ALICE*

MID-CHANNEL water all of daffodil,
But cherry-rippling as it nears the edge,
And livid red beneath the velvet sedge
And shadow of the overhanging hill.

All silent in the boat, there rests on each
The faint reflection of that splendour wan,
Till from the grassy slopes the light is gone,
And darkness falls upon the Vineyard Reach.

SCHOLA FEDERATA

FROM many homes, from many lands,
From o'er the stormy strait,
We come to join the Western School
And stand within her gate—
To breathe the air that they have breathed
Who went before us here,
To wreath with fresher laurel crown
The flag they counted dear.

From whitened plains of wasted grass
Within the north we come,
Where waves beneath the tropic sun
The scarlet flowering gum,
From where the stately jarrah towers
Above the western stream,
From where, with diadem of snow,
New Zealand mountains gleam,—

From where the rolling Lofty range
O'erhangs the yellow corn,
From where the dim Blue Mountains rise
To greet Australia's morn,

From where the Derwent opens wide
By apple orchards green—
We come to wear *her* colours bright,
And count *her* only Queen.

To honour right, obey the Queen,
To fight our country's fight,
To win the scholar's patient love
Of learning's gracious light,
To think of others more than self,
Of honour more than gain—
'Tis thus we learn to love our School,
And keep her free from stain.

What more ? The love of lonely haunts
In valley, lawn, and lea,
The river's breast, the billow's crest,
The good boat running free,
The fellowship of match or race,
Of victory or defeat,
Are all as links to bind us here
And make our school-days sweet.

WHICH CAMP IS BEST

THE Junction, with the green hills o'er us bending
 To the green plain below,
Where Barwon, o'er its rocky falls descending,
 Meets Moorabool's calm flow ?

The Willows sweet, with pale green tresses sweeping
 To the brown-bosomed stream,
Where lazy crews an idle watch are keeping,
 Content to doze and dream ?

Or is it Cormorant, the stony shelter
 Under the lignum shade,
Where oft we've listened to the wavelets welter
 Before the start was made ?

Is it the Point, whose brow is bright with roses,
 That looks o'er lake and land
To where the azure of the sea uncloses,
 Beyond the shining sand ?

Or are there those who love the lone Heads better,
And the fast-running tide,
Where the great billows that no hand can fetter
With force resistless glide ?

No ! on the river bank that spot we single
Which honeysuckles bound,
Where the dwarf gum and white-flowered ti
commingle,
With clematis encrowned.

Where smooth and thick the sward, where ever
nearest
The deep-voiced breakers sound—
This is the camp that still to us is dearest
Above all others found.

But far it lies, and few there be that know it,
Behind the track's deep fern,
Beyond the lakes : and so your river poet
Gives it a quiet turn.

TWILIGHT ON THE BARWON

THE crimson clouds deep burning on the ridge
Faint hawthorn-red upon the river make,
But coal-black is the stream beneath the bridge,
Save for one rosy iridescent flake.

The town soft-looming through the water mist
And mellow-shining at the close of day,
Like some old English village meadow-kissed,
Stands dreaming o'er us in the twilight gray.

ON THE BANK

SWEET is the scent of the briar wafted
Fresh from the bush on the grass-grown ridge,
Fair is the sunset crimson-shafted,
Touching with colour the white-railed bridge.

Green are the Barrabools towering o'er us,
Glassy the tranquil river's flow,
Swiftly the four-oar shoots before us,
Making her way to the reach below.

Come, let us follow them, look at the rowing,
See if the finish is clean in the craft,
See if the hands like an arrow are going,
See if the bodies go steadily aft.

Hark to the blades that, in unison falling,
Tell of a crew that are rowing their best ;
Hark to the voice of the coxswain calling,
“ Fairly and squarely now—up to the chest.”

“Think they will manage it?” Yes; we have
been with them,

And we believe they will conquer the rest—
Fondly allege that no crew will be seen with them
When on the Yarra they come to the test.

“Beaten!” well, possibly; still they will go for it,
All that the plucky can do they will do;
For they have done, if they honestly row for it,
All we can ask of a Barwon crew.

THE INDEPENDENT OAR

THE Coach's voice is ringing rough
From off the southern shore—
Of "time," and "feather," and such stuff
I daily hear him roar :
"Your feet against the stretcher jam,"
"Your hands away," and more.
I care not for the Coach—I am
The Independent Oar.

What ! shall the Barwon Eight go by
Without a glance from "Four,"
Who, with appreciative eye,
Their errors can deplore ?
Shall ladies gaze from off the banks,
And shall I not adore ?
No !—first of their admirers ranks
The Independent Oar.

My vigour—when I give my mind—
Shall time and pace restore,
And this, to their dismay, shall find
The crew who row before.

We may be thrashed—such little blows
The truly wise ignore—
They do not stir from his repose
The Independent Oar.

MUTARE VEL TIMERE SPERNO

It was well to take heed of the warning
Of the plank in the footway lost,
Wrapped round in the mist of the morning,
And numbed by the finger of frost :
But the clear stream lay below,
Dear mates,
The clear stream lay below.

It was cold at the Willows' turning,
In the ghostly misty pall,
But the logs and the lignum burning
Soon made us forget it all :
And the bright fire blazed away,
Dear mates,
The bright fire blazed away.

It was cold at the Point and Cormorant,
It was cold on lake and lea,
Till the strong sun rose up jubilant
And set the landscape free :

With the blue sky over all,
Dear mates,
The blue sky over all.

It was wild at the Bluff Unfortunate,
With the wreck-strewn reefs below,
Where the heaving rollers obstinate
Are churned into seething snow :
But the great sea lay beyond,
Dear mates,
The great sea lay beyond.

ON THE EBB

BEFORE the dawn, when all the world was dreaming,
 When clear the white stars shone,
Silent and swift, o'er water darkly gleaming,
 The ebb tide bore us on.

From lake, and creek, and channel, to the ocean
 The weight of water drew,
And like a bird with easy-gliding motion
 Our light craft forward flew.

There was no sound but that sweet magpie chorus
 To greet the coming morn,
But that deep note from seaward pulsing o'er us
 And faintly inland borne.

This is the hour that best we love for rowing,
 In the cool silent night,
Before the cross above the sandhills glowing
 Has paled in morning light.

FROM THE UPPER BRIDGE

“ COACHING ” THE CREW

“ TIME, now, and listen for the rattle of the rowlocks :

Into it and out of it together as you go.

Down to your work—press well against the stretcher—

Eyes in the boat—and—Are you ready?—
Row ! ”

“ Row ! ” and the light oars catch the quiet water ;

“ Row ! ” and the light craft answers to her crew.

“ Now, the beginning, all of you. And, Bow, there,
Back straight and arms straight ; and further forwards, Two.

“ Stroke, not so fast that body ; get the oar up

Right to the chest, and out with it again ;

Swing straight, and keep that elbow to the side,
Three :

Sit up and stick to it, the whole of you, like men.

“ Now we have passed the Vineyard and the
Corner ;

Now we are coming nearer to the straight :
There lie the sheds—so just a little longer,
Pull hard and pluckily, and show us you can
‘ wait.’

“ Row, boys—the race is only to be won by
Steadiness, and readiness to carry out ‘ the train.’
Row—and resolve ‘ to have it at the finish,’
Or all the labour will be done in vain.

“ Row, Grammar, row ! the course is all but over—
Keep well together, for the work is nearly done ;
Now for a final effort at the post—so !
Steady all, and easy all, and well rowed, every
one.”

SWIMMING

OH! sweet, e'er the sunlight is burning,
The savour and scent of the sea,
The swirl of the swimmer inturning,
The joy of a stroke that is free,
On the inflowing tide to be churning
The reflux blue of the sea.

It is well when we wait at the Willows
To dive from the branches above
Deep into the stream that empillows,
Far out on the river we love.
It is sweeter to swim at the Willows,
With green-feathered branches above.

But sweetest to dive in the breakers,
To spring to their emerald crest,
To rise on the rainbow-arch makers,
To be tossed on their billowy breast—
In the rush and the foam of the breakers
It is there that the bathing is best.

THE TWO TWILIGHTS

STARLIGHT, and silence deep,
And gleaming waters dark,
And by the quiet river all asleep
When we embark.

Twilight along the line
Of willows greenly dim,
And faint above the misty eastern brine
A scarlet rim.

Sunlight above the lake,
And dash of ocean near,
And the glad rush of forceful blades that take
The listening ear.

Twilight that slowly dies
The rosy reeds between,
And a light boat that ever swiftly flies
Past meadows green.

Darkness, and round the turn
With long-drawn stroke they run,
With heaving, upward sweep from stem to stern
All blent as one.

Moonlight, and towards the west,
O'er water churned to foam,
O'er the white glimmering river's breast,
Our crew came home.

“ THALATTA !—THALATTA ! ”

AFTER long miles of tranquil river reach,
After the bulrush and the dark green sedge,
’Tis sweet to see the white sand of the beach,
To climb aloft above the rocky ledge,
To hear the ocean’s deep triumphant voice,
That bids the heart of weary man rejoice.

O’er the dark purple of the southern main
Speeds the great liner on her homeward way ;
Far down below the breakers chafe and strain,
And hurl their columns of tumultuous spray,
Till the black basalt, born of ancient fire,
Rings as with music of a God-swept lyre.

The yellow coast-line crowned with misty green
Looms to the eastward of the angry Race,
To the sheer precipice and deep ravine
Set at the Schanck the warring waves to face,
And, in despite of that bright signal-mark,
Strewn with the wreckage of the wandering
barque.

The keen south-easter, laden with the brine,
Sings from the bosom of the southern sea,
And all our cares are banished, as the wine
Of many waters makes the spirit free.
The sound of the sea-laughter fills our ears,
And brings the joyance of the happier years.

But the glad comrades of the racing craft
Are yet assembled as in days of yore ;
Still ring the merry oars, and looking aft
We leave the harbour of the friendly shore,
Churn the clear wavelets into seething foam
On the loved waterway that brings us home.

IN MEMORIAM

C. E. S.

Not the less bravely, though but yestermorn
 We saw, with saddened face,
Through silent ranks our well-loved comrade borne
 To his last resting-place.

Not the less bravely, though with drooping fold
 The flag floats half-mast high,
Though that young, joyous heart in death is cold,
 And dimmed the once bright eye.

Not the less bravely, though our schoolmate's lying
 Low in his lonely grave,
Where dark-armed trees above the turf are sighing,
 Where wattle blossoms wave.

Not the less bravely with no idle weeping
 Mourn we our comrade lost,
But with fixed purpose ever forward keeping
 On life's sea tempest tossed.

Not the less bravely, learn to do our duty,
 To shun whate'er is base,
To see in nobler aims the nobler beauty,
 To run in Honour's race.

Not the less bravely, do the work before you,
 And take your share of play.
The flag your comrade loved still flutters o'er you—
 Live worthy it to-day.

NON INFERIORA SECUTI

GONE is the poison of the fever's breath,
And gone the shadow that upon us fell
When the companions whom we loved so well
Lay in the borderland 'twixt life and death :
Now once again are mingled in our hall
Old friends, old comrades ; once again we hear,
In bush, on field and river, ringing clear,
The echoes glad of youth's triumphant call.
So welcome back each true undoubting son,
Unswerving in your steadfast loyalty
And confident amid the evil rain :
With you shall later laurels yet be won,
With you shall come a new prosperity
And fortune smiling on us once again.

“JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING”

Too near, too near the angel Azrael stayed—
Almost we heard the rustle of his wings,
And shuddered at the icy breath that clings
To the dread presence of his imminent shade ;
But, for our young and stricken, pleading made
The gentle voices of the pure and good,
Too early taken from us—who have stood
Full often near, invisibly arrayed.
And Death, at that sweet intercession charmed,
Spared wife, and maid, and boyhood in its bloom,
And for a season put aside his sword :
For Love can conquer Death, and lives unharmed
In golden realms beyond the sunless gloom,
Where noblest service is his rich reward.

IN A CART

WE started when the cross was bright
And stars were thick as clustered corn,
And through the silver southern night
Our slowly travelling car was borne,
Before Diana's mystic light
Had melted in the early morn.

The sere she-oaks we passed between,
By dwarfish gum and bluish ti,
By misty beds of bracken green,
By rough-leaved honeysuckle tree,
Until the broken cliff was seen
That sentinels the southern sea.

The heavy dew its tears did weep
On lustrous lake and headland bare,
The languid moonlight seemed to steep
A drowsy stillness through the air
That caught our blood, and, half asleep,
We recked not of the beauty there.

But swiftly from the cold sea line
Shot one great disc of fiery red,
And, as at an enchanter's sign,
The pale stars vanished overhead ;
We felt the sea wind and the brine,
And all the dreamy night was dead.

A DEAD HEAT

Now, boys, you be smart with your hands at the
start,

And up with the feather and down with the
spray.

Look alive ! Nicholls' lot will be off like a shot,
Half forward—now steady—now row—we're
away.

Yes, away with a splash, and as onward we dash
We feel that the others have caught it the first ;
Never mind—they'll be back, if the pace on we
crack,
'They can't keep it up as they did at the burst.

Half a length at the mills—it's the pace, boys, that
kills.

Now, stroke, for an effort ; we're gaining at last—
Oar to oar, man to man, pound as hard as you can—
And so drawing nearer, the bridge is shot past.

Not a voice in our ears, though the air rings with
cheers,

And nought to be seen but the backs and the
stream,

Now, four or five more, and we'll come to the fore,

Now, "hard to it" all, boys, and put on the
steam.

Now level we lie ; now make the boat fly,

A yard or two further and we shall have won :

No go—a dead heat ! Well, it's not a defeat—

We'll row them again, though we're pretty well
done.

CAMPING OUT

OH ! exquisite joy of retiring
At times to a primitive life,
No bed but a blanket requiring,
And eating all food with a knife !
How blissful a tent with a tear is,
Where enters the genial fog,
How sweet the “ Australian canaries ”—
Mosquitoes that bite like a dog !

Oh ! rapture of living on damper,
Of gnawing the breast of a swan,
Of searching for food in a hamper,
And finding that everything's gone.
Oh ! banquet enjoyable wholly
When sugar and milk there are none,
When dinner is “ Johnny-cake ” solely,
And ear-wigs can join in the fun.

Ah ! how a musician would riot
At hearing the hoot of the owls,
And start with delight when the quiet
Was broken by animal howls !

How all of the bush who are lovers,
When deep in the night they awake,
Delight at their side to discover
A lively and dangerous snake !

There are men—I am one, I confess it—
Who love not the life of the camp,
Who care not for dinner unless it
Be free from mosquitoes and damp.
I basely prefer that a ceiling
Should shelter my spiritless head,
And meanly admit to a feeling
In favour of civilized Bed.

TO THE RIVAL CREWS

OCTOBER, 1894

How will it be when the boats go out
On the gold of the gleaming river,
When the soft air rings with the echoing shout,
When the oar-blades dip and quiver ?

How will it go when the two crews fight,
All hearts to the racing given,
With the back and the shoulders' utmost might
Right up from the stretcher driven ?

Will the Dark Blue boys at their topmost pace
In the rear of the struggle find us ;
Or our own crew race in the pride of place,
With the Melbourne left behind us ?

It matters not who shall prove the best,
If the Schools have with honour blended :
They are oar to oar on the Barwon's breast,
They are one when the race is ended.

“KNOB-NIGHT”

“*Tom,*” *he said, “die biting.”*—BISHOP MOORHOUSE

How will it go with us ? how shall we play in it ?

Will the arena be heavy or fast ?

How will the wing men be able to stay in it ?

How will the ruck men be able to last ?

What of our backs—are they dashing and steady,

Able to baffle and beat the assault ?

What of the forwards, are *they* ever ready

Swiftly to score from an enemy’s fault ?

How shall we meet them ?—with feverish hurry,

As in the match when we fatally fell,

Fumble and tumble and fluster and flurry

From bounce of the ball to the sound of the bell ?

Or shall we play as a ‘Twenty united,

Cooler of all in a critical fray,

Never by score of the foemen affrighted,

Confident ever of winning the day.

So must we strive in the lists of the Leather,
So must we fail not our flag to defend,
We must "die biting," and no matter whether
Odds are against us, we win in the end.

THE LAST QUARTER

ONLY a quarter more to play !
The ground is heavy, the ball is wet :
Fifteen points to be made to win—
Can we do it yet ?—can we do it yet ?

Face to face are the twenties now,
Mud-beplastered from head to heel ;
See on the face of the treacherous turf
Backs and forwards wrestle and reel.

There is the South Australian crack,
Fleetest and neatest of all our side ;
There is the Melbourne Grammar back,
An oarsman tried—an oarsman tried.

“ Hard to it, Dark Blues—mind your men ;
Stick to your places, Light Blues all,
Heart and soul for the Schools you love,
And on to the ball, boys—on to the ball.”

“ A goal, a goal—another,” and well
The Dark Blues show in the final raid,
But ever a “ marker ” above them all
Our captain played—our captain played.

A great game, boys : may you beat them all !
But if you are anxious to win again,
Be cool and steady, stick to the ball,
And keep your places and mind your men.

Play for it—all for the old School flag,
Play for this in the final spin ;
Play, and remember we’re all with you
If the Light Blue lose, if the Light Blue win.

THE NEW BOY

A NEW boy—unfriended, and timid, and shy—
Who looks at the fellows with wondering eye,
He's "out of it all" in the hurry and push,
And longs to be back at his home in the bush;
So chaff not, and ask not too often his name—
Remember, O youngster! the day when you came.

Though raw and a duffer, perhaps he may grow
To be the one fellow you're proudest to know,
The chosen companion, the steadiest friend,
Who's ready your name as his own to defend,
Who'll stand by you firmly through good and
 through ill,
And though you be parted will think of you still.

It may be, the new boy you hold but a weed
May win us the battle in utterest need,
May play for the Twenty and row for the Crew,
And come to be *dux* of the Grammar School too.
And think, when asunder you hear of his win,
How jolly to know that you welcomed him in.

“ THE FLYING DOES ”

“ THINK of it!—thirty seconds full,
Not a bit too long to go,
And you’ve only half a mile to pull :
Who cares if the *Argo’s* slow ? ”
“ You don’t mind water or heavy cox,
It don’t matter much if a slider blocks.”

So the Does went up to the starting-place,
And they rattled away at their best ;
And the Crew came after at racing pace,
And faster, be it confessed ;
Till we got to the rushes, and heard the shout
Of their tiny coxswain singing out.

And we saw the bow of the *Iris* fly
Up, up to our stern, and we rowed it free
Out to the finish ; our throats were dry
Before that we made the halting tree,
And we all had tested the stretcher’s strength,
And lost by a bare half-canvas length.

Our stroke, who had come of the silent breed,
 Who rowed it home at the river's head,
 Who had stuck to it all at his topmost speed,
 Just pulled for his wind, and at last he said,
 “ It don't matter much if we were too late,
 For we were but licked by our own School Eight.”

And luck to them all, and the old free swing,
 And the smart quick catch, and the true hard
 drive,
 And the finish clean with the rowlocks ring,
 And the lightning lift of a crew alive :
 May they win, may they win, for the old Light Blue.
 With a right good stroke to pull them through.

THE LAST SHOT

Not a word, not a breath, all as quiet as death
 As we wait for the shot to be fired ;
And to miss is a sin, for a magpie will win
 The victory all have desired.
 But the wind shifts and changes
 On Williamstown ranges.

A flash and a ring, on the target a "ping,"
 And we know the bullet was true ;
But our heart's in our mouth as we look to the south,
 And pray that it's better than "two" ;
 And the pause seems unending,
 But—the "magpie's" ascending.

Then a cheer for the nerve that the Grammar could
 serve
 So well at the critical shot ;
Though 'twas James who was best, yet we fancy
 the test
 Was the pull that was last of the lot,
 When the right man was trusted
 And the Hawthorn were "dusted."

TREU UND FEST

How shall we honour those who, still unswerving,
Through all the year have been
A band of brothers, confidently serving
The School they own as Queen ?

What shall we give to those who, others aiding,
Recked not of self at all—
Sought not a low ideal, soul-degrading,
But followed honour's call ?

They need no gift, or prize, or purple royal
Who play their simple part
To quiet worth, to faith and learning loyal,
And honesty of heart.

These are the sons for whom we twine the laurel,
For whom we may not fear,
Who in life's lists, in every noble quarrel,
Knightly will break a spear.

Riches and fame corroding time has taken
And crumbled into dust :
In God and loyalty of sons unshaken,
Steadfast we put out trust.

THE KHAKI AND THE BLUE

1900

GOOD-BYE to you, Boys of the Barwon,
To the Khaki and the Blue,
Good-bye to horse and rider,
To the lads who will see it through.
When the African skies are o'er you,
And the Southern Cross above,
You will think of the land that bore you,
And the old gray School you love.

It was all for the love of the Colours,
It was all for the Queen of the Corps,
It was all for the cause of freedom,
That you left Australia's shore.
Good-bye to you, Boys of the Barwon,
And wander as far as you will,
Your hearts will turn to the River,
And the old gray home on the hill.

Good-bye to you, Boys of the Barwon,
Good luck to you out in the West,
May you live with England's bravest,
Or die with England's best.
Good-bye to you, Boys of the Barwon,
To the Khaki and the Blue,
For we know that in good or evil
You will all to the Flag be true.

THE NESTER'S SONG

To the dark-armed forest yonder,
 Ere the gray
 Crimsons with the dawn of day,
With our truest mates we wander
 And beside the camp we stay
 Till we hear
Music of the magpie near.

Haunts of diamond hawk invite us,
 Robins black
 Offer plunder that we lack,
Yellow-breasted shrikes requite us,
 And the nest of "whistling jack"
 From our gaze
Hidden in the wattle sprays.

Brooding-place of grey-winged plover,
 Lowly laid,
 Find we in the tussocks' braid,
Or the dim retreat discover
 That the cunning sphinx has made
 High aloft
With its woven fibres soft.

Firm to swaying branch that narrows
Oft we cling,
And our burden earthward fling,
While the parrots—azure arrows—
Round us flutter, shriek, and sing,
Till we come
Sliding from the lofty gum.

Monarchs we of rarest treasure,
Wealth untold,
When the lake thrush egg we hold,
Finding ever keenest pleasure
In the forest's green and gold,
In the sea
Sighted from the topmost tree.

Leave the river, leave the rowing—
We but love
Rustle of the leaves above,
Sunlight on the blue-gums glowing,
Plaintive murmur of the dove,
And the quest
Of the deeply hidden nest.

OUR VISITORS AT CLEMATIS

THE camp was bare—our mates had strayed :
The lazy pair alone delayed—
Content to breathe the sweet perfume,
To watch the gold of wattle-bloom,
Content to watch the tide inflowing,
To feel the sea-breeze o'er us blowing.

But as we stayed, to see us came
The robin sweet with breast of flame,
The bird that wears the azure crown,
And tiny wrens with wings of brown,
And magpies pert, with parrots green
And ruby feathered, by us were seen.

The magpies strutted, the parrots glanced,
Under the ti-tree the wagtails danced,
The robin perched on the pannikin lip,
The wattler begged for a tiny sip ;
But just as he bowed his tiny head
We clapped our hands, and away they fled.

FORWARD

Who knows it not, who loves it not—
The long and steady swing,
The instant dip, the iron grip,
The rowlock's linkèd ring,
The forward sweep, the backward leap
That makes the *Alice* go,
When from the shore, the paddle o'er,
We hear the word to "Row!"

THROUGH THE MIST

(FROM COX TO SECOND CREW)

IN darkness of the winter morn
We rowed towards the river mouth,
And, on the brimming torrent borne,
The *Alice* glided to the south.

We shot the lasher foaming bright,
The willow reach we dimly guessed,
Till, veiled in vapour clinging-white,
We stayed on Connewarre's breast.

No belt of blue above to break
The chilling circles of the mist—
No wind to sweep the sullen lake
And show us Campbell's, sunlight kissed.

Then on we glided through the gloom
Towards the point we could not sight,
Until we caught the ti-trees' loom
Above us on the rocky height.

And as we waited by the blaze
Of resinous honeysuckle-heart,
Lit with a flash of crocus rays,
We saw the curtain o'er us part.

The dusky-purple woodland gleamed,
The merry birds sang everywhere,
And upward-soaring columns steamed
And melted in the azure air.

And we forgot the wet, the cold,
And launched the boat and rowed anew,
Till shone from Clematis the gold
Of wattle under filmy blue.

THE PRIZE

HE wins the Prize of prizes,
Although no prize he gain,
Who through the Grammar rises
With honour free from stain,
Who all things base despises
With silent, deep disdain.

He fails not here who loses
The Honours or the Race,
Who still our colours chooses
Whatever be their place,
Who resolute refuses
To hold defeat disgrace.

Who loves our roof and rafter,
Whose heart with truth is rife,
Shall meet with sunny laughter
The bitterness of strife,
Shall win the Prize hereafter
Amid the ranks of life.

TO THOSE WHO ARE LEAVING, AND
IN MEMORY OF SIR CHARLES SLADEN

'Tis only he who loves the right
And in its cause is strong,
Who fearless joins the sacred fight
Against embattled wrong—
'Tis only he who firm has nailed
Truth's colours to the mast
Can be the victor, and be hailed
Lord of himself at last.

Lord of himself, the valiant one,
The gentle and the true,
Who counts the deeds that he has done
The pledge of more to do—
Who speaks no ill, who fears no foes,
Has no ignoble thought,
In honour lives, in honour goes,
From where his work was wrought.

And such was he whose name we keep
 Alive among us still—
Who is not dead, although he sleep
 On yonder wind-swept hill—
Whose voice is like a bugle-call
 That summons us to be
Unswerving soldiers, one and all,
 In life's Thermopylæ.

IN MEMORIAM
JOHN BRACEBRIDGE WILSON

GONE is our leader and chief,
Comforter, helper, and guide,
Builder of noble belief,
Kindler of generous pride—
He who has made us a School,
He who was worthy to rule.

Scorner of doubt and of fears,
Friend upon whom we have leant,
Through the long lapse of the years
Ever breast-forward you went ;
Kind in the hour of our need,
Strong to encourage and lead.

Maker of men and of boys,
Dear in the days that were bright,
Yours were our sorrows and joys,
Yours was the lesson of Right ;
Nothing ignoble you taught,
Ever for honour you wrought.

Lover of bush and of sea,
Friend at the haunts of our heart,
Sharer in hours that were free,
Days that can never depart,
Sweet with the scent of the brine,
Girt with an æther divine.

Lover of river and field,
Lover of rifle and oar,
Bidding us "never to yield,"
"Keep the Light Blue to the fore":
You were beside us in all,
Yours was the patriot call.

Though to your rest you have passed,
Still are you present to aid,
Binding and knitting us fast
Here in the School that you made;
Still is your voice in our ears,
Speaking the message that cheers.

Purity, honour, and truth,
Loyalty, courtesy, love—
These were thy lessons to youth,
Drawn from the Master above:
Ah! the foundation is sure
If but our strength may endure.

God be our helper ; for then
Not with a purposeless grief,
But with the courage of men
Best shall we honour our chief :
Ne'er may his memory fade
Here in the School that he made.

SUMMER TERM

1888

ALAS ! for the term that is ended—
The pleasantest term of the year,
When wickets are bowled and defended,
And loud is the cricketers' cheer,
When crews on the river have blended
And forward to victory steer.

When, royally ringing, the rifle
Brings upward the beautiful white,
And hardly the triumph we stifle
If outers are marked to the right,
When trouble is only a trifle,
And life at the Grammar is bright.

Is any one slow to remember
The stress, and the strain, and the pace,
When pluck, like a flame from the ember,
Shone bright at the perilous place—
When the crew of the fifth of November
Showed Sydney the way in the race ?

Alas ! for the term that is ended—
The pleasantest term of the year,
Before the fierce heat has descended,
While spring and the roses are here,
When cricket and rowing are blended
And midsummer holidays near.

THE MIRAGE ON THE LAKE

OH, what a golden day
When on the lake we lay,
And saw the headland gray
 Beyond us gleaming !
We drank the airy wine
And odour of the brine
From off the yellow line
 Of sandhills streaming.

We saw the mirage make,
The ocean bastion break
And change—a magic lake,
 An azure haven—
Until there opened free
A phantom of the sea
With waves that laughed in glee,
 All sapphire-paven.

In turquoise-tinted air
We saw, faint-wavering, there
An emerald island fair
 In blue waves planted ;

The world with colour glowed,
Our blood enraptured flowed—
It seemed as if we rowed
Through seas enchanted.

These are the visions seen
In days when we have been
On lake or meadows green
The sandhills under ;
They fade not quite away,
But in our heart they stay
And bring the Barwon day
When we're asunder.

BY TWO RUNS

THERE'S a crowd on the cricket oval,
But hushed is the youngsters' din,
For this is the fateful over,
The last two men are in,
And they lead on the first of the innings,
And they want three runs to win.

This is the cricketing crisis,
This is the hour of fame,
To hit but a single "fourer,"
To field like a flash of flame,
To be cool, to be keen of the keenest,
To win or to save the game.

The batsman looks to the bowler,
He runs—and a streak of brown
Flies from the hand of the Captain,
And rattles the wicket down ;
And the pent-up cheers of the Light Blue
Go echoing over the town.

“ EASY ALL ”

On ! row to the Heads, if you please, or out to the
Anakies tramp,

But once in a way there comes a day
When we stop at the Willows camp,
And it's “ Easy all,”
Where the shadows fall
On the stream at the Willows camp.

The You Yangs dreamily shine, and the hot wind
sings in the pine,

But the water is cool at the Willows pool
As it is in the ocean brine,
And the brown waves splash
As we dive and dash
Through the stream at the Willows camp.

Afar in the meadow-haze the cattle sleepily graze,
And why should we toil ? Let the billy boil,
And let us enjoy the blaze—

Let us drink our tea
By the camp-fire free,
On the grass at the Willows camp.

There are some who to Clematis go—and we too
are able to row,

But now and again we are lazy, and then

We hide from the midsummer glow,

And the day goes swift

As the blue smoke-drift

Through the leaves of the Willows camp.

THE SONG OF THE SCHOOL RATS

WE hurry up, we hurry down,
With quickest-footed patter,
At night along the corridors
We dart with noisy clatter :
We open wide our weather eye
To nibble at a platter,
And if there's none, we gnaw the door,
And so—it doesn't matter.

We are a hungry race of rats,
The busy biscuit chippers ;
We're ever on the hunt for food,
We bread-and-butter nippers ;
We lurk about and in and out,
We happy pantry trippers—
We'd eat your jerseys if we could,
We *do* your boots and slippers.

You think to get us in your traps—
We scorn your stupid cages ;
Enticed by wiry barricade
No rat that's come of age is.

And then your arsenic cheeses—why,
The very thought enrages :
You must have better plans than these,
O simple schoolboy sages.

One point about you do we view
With highest approbation—
You hold the purring race of cats,
Like us, in detestation :
The velvet tread, the ruin red
Of teeth and claws “tarnation,”
The watchful eye, the sudden “fly,”
So deadly to our nation.

Trust not the cat ! Brew you your tea,
Pile up the red-gum fuel,
Let us amuse your favourite crews
Intent on training-gruel ;
And spare the rat, the merry rat,
Your ornament and jewel ;
Try poison—cages—if you will,
But cats !—the plan is cruel.

PROTHALAMION

MUSE of the Barwon ! born on Otway's height,
And cradled by the overhanging gums,
Nursed in the shadow of the emerald ferns
That fringe the hollow of the lonely dells
 Where never axe has rung,
 Or sound of mortal tongue,
 But clear the icy water wells,
And in the forest twilight eastward slowly turns—
 Muse of the Barwon, grant me now my prayer
 That my faint music may
 Ring in the golden day
That sees our comrade wedded to the maiden fair.

For she too loved you, River ; she has known
The crimson glory of the early morn
Stream on thy waters and thy willows green ;
She too is skilled to drive the bending oar—
 She knows the ringing chime
 Of racing oars in time ;
 She too has stroked the flying four,
And on the placid lake the noisy wild-fowl seen.

So, well-loved River, let the music steal
 From out thy glossy beds,
 O'er wind-tossed bulrush heads,
To join the merry music of their marriage-peal !

And he has known you, River, as he knew
Imperial Isis in the days of old—
Isis, the river of green-wooded banks,
With oxlip and the yellow king-cup crowned—
 He knew each winding crook,
 Each wattle-guarded nook,
 Even to the Southern Ocean's bound,
Where breakers heave in wild, dull-echoing ranks.
So, rippling River, whisper to thine own,
 And let your rushes blow
 A love-chant sweet and low,
And let the sea be joyful with deep undertone !

Our oarsmen knew upon the river-bank
The rain-worn cap and crossed Leander oars,
The ringing voice and ever-cheery face,
And that " Well rowed ! " of praise an ample
 meed,
 Until the proud day came
 When, 'mid the School's acclaim,
 Urged to her uttermost of speed
The *Alice* forward flew, and conquered in the race.

Crews of the Barwon, join in hearty cheer
For him who laboured long
To make the weak oar strong,
And swell the merry music grateful in his ear !

Perchance in lone Te Anau's solitudes,
Or where Metaura, snow-fed, rushes on,
He will bethink him of the sunny hours—
Of boating mates and camps of other days,
And in New Zealand's stream
Recall the Barwon's gleam,
And dream of half-forgotten frays,
Of happy noontide rests in fragrant wattle bowers ;
And through Metaura's roaring hear anew
The welcome to his bride—
To husband at her side—
The welcome to the loyal friend who loved the
Lighter Blue.

Sons of the Barwon—lovers of the oar,
Twine a green garland of the river reeds,
And bind them with the silver clematis,
And at their feet the water-lilies lay ;
And let it be our prayer
That all their life be fair—
That love and faith may guide their way—
That every gracious gift may come to crown their
bliss.

Sons of the Barwon, join, a joyous band,
To wish them peace and wealth
And happiness and health,
And a bright home and welcome in the Maori land.

IN MEMORY OF H. S.

He may play no more where of old he played,
When the cheering rang around him,
When the longest day, and the hardest fray,
In the van of the struggle found him.

He may row no more as he rowed of old,
With the flag of the Barwon o'er him,
On the river's breast that he loved the best,
In the Eight that in triumph bore him.

He is gone too soon—with the unstained brow,
With the hand that was true as a brother's,
With the fire of youth, and the tongue of truth,
And the heart that felt for others.

Captain and comrade, fare you well,
Light lie the turf above you ;
Our lips shall be cold, and our hearts grow old,
Before we forget to love you.

THE LOST MATCH

A BRIGHT sunny morning, our side to go in,
And only a hundred and seven to win,
With Curdie, and Stevie, and steady old Mack,
With Rad, and Jack Broughton, and Walter the
Black,

We thought they'd be certain to go to the wall
If even the best of our wickets should fall.

Well, Rad was judicious, and Steve got the bat,
And Mack watched the bowlers as close as a cat ;
And just as we fancied the match we had won
The tail of our wickets came down with a run :
One wicket to fall—twenty-five to be made,
Enough to make wariest players afraid.

But Moffatt and Austin both batted like men,
And quickly they collared the bowling again.
Full loudly our cheering rewarded each bit
Of smartly done running, each dexterous hit :
“ Just six more to beat them,” we loudly did call,
When—sad to relate—Moffatt handled the ball.

“How’s that?” said the fielders; the umpire
said, “Out,”

And o’er the Corio far echoed their shout.

But, boys, they deserved it, for well have they
stuck

To cricket and football in spite of bad luck;

And don’t let us say that it wasn’t the game—

I fancy that we’d have appealed just the same.

And Moffatt? forgive him, for well he played up,

Good service he did us in winning the Cup,

He rowed a strong Three in the Grammar School

Four,

Eleven and Twenty would miss him right sore:

But when next you play, boys, whatever befall,

Remember—not one of you handles the ball.

ON REVISITING THE SCHOOL

LONG years had vanished since we wandered there
And heard the sweet birds from the ivy call :
We read the old initials on the wall,
And walked the Quad, and found it all was fair
As when we crossed it free from grief and care,
And half we heard our parted comrades call,
And half we saw a bearded form and tall,
That bade us from the dais do and dare.
But the bright faces of the younger race
Gladdened our inmost heart, and as we passed
We prayed prosperity for our old School,
For that high courage which the soul can brace
In perilous places, that to the last
She be the home of learning and of rule.

THE COX OUT OF TRAINING

THE Cox he eateth of rainbow cake,
He drinketh the cocoa-nut tree ;
The Cox he ought to be lean as a rake,
But plump as a partridge is he.
Oh! the Cox he laughs
And gaily he quaffs,
“ I am off on the journey to seven stone now ;
I shall soon be fit for a bow, for a bow.”

The Cox he nibbles at chocolate creams,
He goes to the pineapple shop,
His captain is lost as a man in a dream,
There are tears in the eyes of his “ Pop.”
Bow murmurs to Two—
“ Oh! this will not do—
The Coxswain’s a quite diabolical weight,
By Jove! in October he’ll be up to ‘ eight ’ ! ”

The Coxswain he eateth of apples and pears,
 And calmly bananas he peels,
 And he says to them, "Gentlemen, pull in your
 chairs !

How splendid these oranges feel !

It's all right as rain,

I'll be ' six-six ' again,

But not till I'm ' seven ' I go on the shelf—

Here, try some bananas : I eat 'em myself."

A LAMENT FOR THE WILLOWS

THE willows are withered and faded,
The branches are broken and bare,
No longer with greenery shaded,
The camp at the corner is fair,
The brine of the sea has invaded
And poisoned the loveliness there.

No more do the thoroughbreds cluster
And stand in the cool of the shade,
To dream of the Flemington muster,
Of efforts for victory made,
Of the scarlet and white and the lustre
Of horses for racing arrayed.

No more may the idleness-spurning
Hard crews from the river and lake,
With oar blades in unison churning
The waters that foam in their wake,
Look back to the verdurous turning
As homeward they turn to the Break.

A LAMENT FOR THE WILLOWS 227

Lament, for the willows are dying
That happiest memories bring,
That girdled the meadows outlying
With tremulous emerald ring ;
Lament, for the summer is flying,
And gone is the promise of spring.

A MARCHING SONG OF THE THIRD BATTALION

1891

“ Vincet amor patriæ ”

MARCH, march, College and Grammar School—
March, march, to the bugle and drum ;
March, march, Colac and Warrnambool—
Fight for the land of the wattle and gum.
March, march, for the soil that is under us
Never shall harbour the foe or the slave ;
March, march, nothing shall sunder us
If we are true to the flag of the brave.

March, march, sons of the river breast—
Head of the river and head of the field ;
March, march, boys of the bonnie west—
Steady and resolute, never to yield.

March, march, bolder and bolder, boys,
Once that the face of the enemy's seen ;
March, march, shoulder to shoulder, boys—
On for your country, and on for your Queen.

March, march, to a death that is glorious—

“ With it or on it ” ’s the lesson we learn ;

March, march, and from battle victorious

Back shall the Third and the Colours return.

THE RIVER CALL

THE long green line of willows,
The echoing lanes of reeds,
The white-capped southern billows,
The Lake adrift with weeds,
They call to us, they sing to us,
To seek the narrow craft,
They summon us, they bring to us
The sea's intrushing draught.

The long bright day before us,
The clear dark sky of night,
The blades that ring the chorus
Of unity and might,
Still chain us and enthrall us,
Still whisper in our ear,
And old boys' voices call us,
"The waterways are clear."

The flag they loved is flying,
And, though we've met defeat,
Our oarsmen yet are trying
And yet are hard to beat ;

And we'll row on together
Till on the topmost mast,
"Hard through with flying feather,"
The Light Blue floats at last.

A DREAM OF THE CHRISTMAS EXAM.

I HAD a dream that was not all a dream—
For to my mournful eyes
Arose the Sixth, at work with fullest steam
At x's and at y's.

Rooms did they paper, Turkish funds they
bought,
Clocks' hands they pondered o'er,
How many hours how many oxen wrought—
These things oppressed them sore.

Yea, melancholy visions rose aloft
Of Second Aorists grim,
And Negative Result, at which we scoffed,
Soared up—a phantom dim.

Then rose the ghost of Virgil, and he cried,
“ Oh, monsters of Geelong !
Read you the Magic Poet to deride,
That thus you change my song ? ”

And Cicero, the consul, swept his robe
And said, with voice of scorn,
“ The boy to do me justice on this globe
Has never yet been born ! ”

WATTLE-BLOSSOM CAMP

WHERE the dwarf gums cluster thickly the glassy
lake above,
We found in the dew of morning the camp that
best we love,
And we called it Wattle-blossom—the spot where
none deceives,
For a golden glory rested among the shining leaves.
The grass was green and springing, September air
was sweet,
The freshness of the spring-time without the
summer heat ;
We heard the bush bird's warble, the she-oaks'
gentle sigh,
As the faint breeze came from seaward, and never
a cloud was nigh.

Over the lowland country we saw the shadowy line
Where, dimly in the distance, the Otway ranges shine,
And far to the south and eastward there opened on
our view,
Beyond the yellow hummocks, the gleam of the
ocean blue.

Our hearts were light and merry, we waited for
no rest,
But wandered through the wattle, by grass-land,
to the west ;
We climbed on swinging branches, we plundered
many a nest,
And the delicate-footed 'possum was captive of our
quest.

O hours in fragrant woodland, on lake and lonely
stream,
How fairer than all other days to Grammar hearts
you seem !
When ours is the red of sunset, the water's violet
gloom,
The saffron of the wattle, the blue of the parrot's
plume.

We care not for the city, for noise of the dusty
street ;
'Tis better by the river banks, among the willows
sweet,
'Tis better on the wind-swept sand to hear the
sullen roar
Of the breakers on the iron reef that never reach
the shore.

In other days, in other scenes, when life is on the
wane,
The memory of Grammar camps shall come to us
again,
The whisper of the waves shall sound through all
the city's hum,
And in a moment bring us back to haunts of ti and
gum.

In vision swift shall visit us our playmates of old
days,
Who lived our life, who trod with us the ever-
golden ways ;
And then, though heavy be our cares, however
“ hard our lines,”
They shall disperse like needles cast from out the
windy pines.

Hope shall arise, and coward fears and doubt shall
disappear
At the thought of courage and of trust in those we
counted dear ;
And there shall be about us yet, as on through life
we tramp,
The music and the fragrance sweet of the Wattle-
blossom Camp.

NUMBER NOWHERE

BY NEMO

LIKE the sound of the southern billows
 Heard on the sandy shore,
From Number Nowhere's pillows
 Comes the portentous snore.
For they all snore together
 On the other side of the door.

Others may do more talking,
 Others with dumb-bells more,
Others excel in walking
 Heavily over the floor.
But they snore together,
 A poppy-headed corps.

Some in the studies yonder
 Over their books may pore,
And with their Lexicons ponder
 On Xenophontic lore.
But *they* snore together,
 As if their books were a bore.

To them sleep no repose is
Unless they can loudly snore,
And so each nose disposes
Itself for a muffled roar.
As they all snore together,
As if to awake no more.

“ HITHER, OH ! HITHER ”

HITHER, oh ! hither, Light Blues, turn your oars,
And seek the region of the Lower Crews,
For never mariner has passed our shores
But him the odour of the wattle woos—
And here he stays, and hence he will not roam,
But finds our fragrant coffee sweet as honeycomb.

We know all labour of the bending blade,
The flying boat, the keen-eyed coxswain's face ;
We know the colours of the foe arrayed
And all the maddening rapture of the race ;
But hither come, and let us breathe again
The calm pure ocean air, away from paths of men.

All things depart, but these will not depart—
The friends we trusted in the days of old,
The river-mates who gave us heart for heart,
The sunset dyed with crimson and with gold,
The long miles rowed beneath the silver moon,
The curling ivory waters and the oar's sweet tune.

TO A BILLY

OLD BILLY—battered, brown and black,
With many days of camping,
Companion of the bulging sack,
And friend in all our tramping :
How often on the Friday night—
Your cubic measure testing—
With jam and tea we stuffed you tight
Before we started nesting.

How often, in the moonlight pale,
Through gums and gullies toiling,
We've been the first the hill to scale,
The first to watch you boiling
When at " the lane " the tent was spread
The silver wattle under,
And early shafts of rosy red
Cleft sea-born mists asunder.

How often in the four-oar's bow
You've been to Campbell's carried,
And heard the rustle on the prow
As reedies' nests we harried ;

The You Yangs with their rocky peak,
The Barwon bluely bending,
And each dim-weeded ocean creek,
Have seen your steam ascending.

And so, old Billy, you recall
A host of sunburnt faces,
And bring us back again to all
The best of camping places.
True flavour of the bush you bear,
Of camp and its surrounding,
Of freedom and of open air,
Of healthy life abounding.

You bring us more—with those we love
We watched you boil and bubble,
And in the sunny skies above
Forgot each schoolboy trouble :
So not without a kindly glance
We eye you in the study,
Although you've met with some mischance,
Although you're black and muddy !

THE SOUTHERN WALL

STRONG tendrils of the ivy plants
That mantle on our wall of gray,
That brighten as the sunlight slants
Across the hills at dying day,
You image well the hearts of those
Our sons who do not break or bend,
But fight until the battle-close,
And die or triumph in the end.

ON THE TIDEWAY

WESTWARD when the sun's departing,
 When the rays
 Redly o'er the forest blaze,
Is the hour for upward starting
 On the tide
 Rushing from the ocean wide.

O'er the bubbling, buoyant water,
 O'er the blue
 With the reefs a-tremble through :
When the southern wind has caught her
 How the four
 Answers to the willing oar.

O'er the bank we hear the breakers,
 And the sound
 Of the swift waves laugh around,
As the hurrying canvas-rakers
 Drive the spray
 White across the waterway.

Fleet as snowy sea-gulls glancing,
 On we race
 With the salt air in our face,
With the *Cleopatra* dancing,
 With the ring
 Instant as we forward swing.

Still, whatever time discovers,
 We shall be,
 Steady to the stream and sea,
Of the river faithful lovers,
 And our home
 Find amid the flying foam.

ADIEU

ONE look, one last long look
At field and river, hill and glade,
Where we have made
Our camp in sheltered nook,
And then—Good-bye !

One gaze, one last long gaze
At Quad and studies, class and halls,
Dark-ivied walls,
Our home in happy days,
And then—Good-bye !

One grasp, one hearty grasp
To mate and master—friends at last,
All quarrels past—
We give a friendly clasp,
And then—Good-bye !

One cheer, one parting cheer
For all good fellows ever true
To our Light Blue
Through all the vanished year,
And then—Good-bye !

IN MEMORIAM

E. B.

How fresh the air from seaweed-covered beaches,
 On that autumnal night !
How sweet the row on those still violet reaches,
 Beneath the fading light !

How bright the camp with ruddy flames upleaping
 To those dark pines above !
How silver-gray the misty moonlight steeping
 The river that we love !

How sad the thought that comes resistless o'er us
 Of one true heart and hand,
Of one more loyal brother gone before us
 Into the silent land !

O joyous friend of happy days departed,
 Before the darkness fell,
From Barwon's banks thy comrades, mournful-
 hearted,
 Bid thee a last farewell.

“HARD LUCK”

HE went to the wickets, a look in his eye
That meant he intended to do or to die,
He gazed on the fielders—as much as to say,
“Look out for a ball or two coming your way”;
But e’er he had troubled the scorers there came
A click in the wickets that finished his game,
And “Hard luck, old fellow!” was shouted by all—
“You only played round it, a foot from the ball.”

Again, on the river we saw him perform,
The four who opposed him he said “he would
warm”;
We heard a good deal about feather and catch,
And doubted if ‘blowing’ with rowing would
match;
And when with a beating he entered the shed,
“Oh, hard luck, old fellow!” the onlookers said—
“You ought to have won; but unshipping your oar
A little unsettles the chance of a four.”

Oh yes, he explained it—he said we were slow,
That steady hard plodders had never a show,
He told us by plain common sense he would pass,
“But ‘stewing’—good gracious, he wasn’t an
ass!”

At Christmas we read through the list to the end,
But couldn’t discover our talkative friend :
Still “Hard luck, old fellow!—you ought to have
passed;
There ne’er were exam. papers set like the last.”

“Hard luck, then, old fellow!”—to Grammar
School ears

This phrase of our fancy a satire appears
On those who are constantly giving advice
On cricket—and then getting bowled with a “tice,”
On rowing—and then being thrashed in a race,
On reading—and then being ploughed in disgrace :
It teaches the lesson of sticking to work,
And not getting known as a humbug and shirk.

WHO SHALL BE KING OF US ?

Who shall be king of us—who shall be first—
Loved by the best of us, and by the worst ?
He who is pluckiest, he who is strong,
Fearing no enemy, doing no wrong ;
He who is cheeriest, he who is bright—
This is the Captain for us to fight :
He shall be over us, worthy to rule ;
Crownless, yet crownèd he, King of the School !

He who is readiest others to aid,
He who the steadiest for us has played—
True touch on the trigger, true hand on the bat,
True oar in the rigger, true foot on the flat—
No hunter for favour or paltry applause,
But, manlike, obeying the School and its laws :
He shall be over us, worthy to rule ;
Crownless, yet crownèd he, King of the School !

IN MEMORIAM

A. W.

(Drowned at the wreck of the "Fiji," 1891.)

ONLY a hundred yards from the wreck on the
pitiless reef,
Only a hundred yards to land, and life, and relief ;
But a hell of waters rages between the ship and the
shore,
And the cry for aid is stifled in the breakers' terrible
roar.

Lifeboat and rocket wanting—help there is none
to give—
Can any swim that water and reach that shore, and
live ?
Will any dare the passage over the perilous strait,
Before the ship is shattered and rescue comes—
too late ?

Yes ! two, with a life-line burdened, out from the
wreck have gone,
And one is crushed and battered those cruel rocks
upon,
And one the waves have landed, but a shattered,
bleeding shape
He lies on the sand, and recks not of comrades or
escape.

Again from the storm-drenched cluster that crowd
on the bows of the wreck
Another has made the venture, and left the shelter-
ing deck,
And a line he seems to carry—a line with life for
the crew,
If force of man can do it, if only he struggle through.

A brave and gallant swimmer ! The white and
resolute face
Is seen for a moment dimly from that stern landing-
place ;
But the clutch of the backwash takes him, and,
locked in its deadly clasp,
Choked with the stinging spindrift, he sinks with
despairing gasp.

Help ! Is there none to aid him ? Yes, one who
is coolly bold,
One with a courage flawless, one with a heart of
gold,
One who is weak in body, but ready at duty's call
To trust to God the issue, to win or lose it all.

Little he heeds the murmurs of those around that
day :

“ He is doomed ; you cannot save him : why throw
your life away ? ”

For this is his only answer—let it live for evermore—

“ What is the life of the one to the life of the
twenty-four ? ”

Through blinding rush of the billows, through
tangle of kelp and weed,

He leaped out there to the rescue—he showed the
right English breed ;

He reached the drowning sailor, but the land he
could not gain,

And the mighty current bore them out to the
wreck again.

What more ? The breakers tore her, they ripped
her plank from plank,

And down from the reef of ruin the ship and sailors
sank,

And helpless there, abandoned by those he died to
 save,
In the gloom of the gathering twilight, the swimmer
 found his grave.

It is well with Australia's heroes, with those who
 loved the land,
With those who died unburied in wastes of the
 middle sand,
Who bore with thirst and hunger, who cherished
 hope deferred,
Who might not be defeated, who might not be
 deterred :

He, too, was surely of them, who braved the waters
 dark,
The iron coast, the wreckage, and the horror of
 the shark—
Who risked his all for others, who gave his life for
 love,
Who won an honoured name below, a heritage above.

A CRICKETING SONG

HERE's to the Batsman of vigilant eye,
Safe, though the wickets are falling,
Letting no shadow of chance go by,
And never a duffer in calling :

Let the toast go,
Cricketers know

Who can astonish the lobs of the foe.

Here's to the Bowler who's cunning of hand,
Master of dodges seductive,
Whether his ball disappear in the Stand,
Or turn out a trimmer destructive :

Let the toast go,
Cricketers know

Who can demolish the stumps of the foe.

Here's to the Fielder of quicksilver wrist,
Fast to the wicket returning,
Who from the catches taken or missed
Ever a lesson is learning :

Let the toast go,
Cricketers know

Who can make sure of a chance from the foe.

Here's to the Cricketer cheery and bright,
Who never is down on his luck, sir,
Who cares for the game, and to play it aright,
Far more than a score or a duck, sir.
Let the toast go,
Cricketers know,
How they should welcome and honour a foe.

THE LOST TROPHY

WHAT has become of it—where has it vanished to,
Dragon and helmet and circular shield ?
Where can the heavy claymores have been ban-
ished to
Which not a fellow was able to wield ?

Say, can it be that the armour was rusty,
Wanted a polish and general clean ?—
That it will visit us rather less dusty,
And on our walls, in a little, be seen ?

Or was it tired of the air of the ocean,
Tired of the pastoral peace of the town ?
Felt it to Melbourne a touch of devotion ?
Gave its possessors a transient frown ?

Ah ! it has gone—we must sadly acknowledge—
And for a season will not reappear,
But from the old Caledonian College
May it return at the end of the year !

Yes, to a space on our wall that awaits it,
After its airing in Melbourne is o'er,
If 'tis the will of the Williamstown Fates, it
Back will be carried to wander no more.

GRATISSIMUS AMNIS

Oh! sunny days on water-ways,
When eight as one were blended,
When onward flew the merry crew
By tide and wind attended.
How oft have we from town to sea
On stream and lake descended,
And had our fill of fun, until
The summer day was ended!

How brief the miles where Barwon smiles,
By water-meadows fleeting!
How fast we speed by rustling reed
With oars at "forty" beating!
But still we slow when past we row
Our ancient place of meeting,
Where willows sweet do yet repeat
Their softly whispered greeting.

Ah! hour of joy to man or boy,
When, all the world asunder,
We stay the oar on that cool shore
The drifted sandhills under,

And drink the wine of airy brine,
And idly watch and wonder
At hissing spume and hollow boom
Of ocean's sullen thunder.

Ah! happy time when, with the chime
Of blades the water spurning,
We saw the west and river's breast
With cloudy crimson burning,
When dark it grew, and scarce we knew
The reed-encircled turning,
When words were few and all the crew
The cox's praise were earning.

O shores that seem to boyish dream
By river-heroes haunted,
Whose deeds are dear, who still are here
For boating prowess vaunted,
May we as they yet win the day
By every foe untaunted,
And if they lose, may still our crews
Row on with heart undaunted.

THE BEATEN CREW

1883

WE care not if the race were lost,
If we but know our crew,
From starting-point to pistol-shot,
Have done what they could do ;
If, careless of the broken blade,
By chance of fortune undismayed,
The three-oared crew the effort made
To save our bonnie blue.

We care not if the race were lost,
If those who won our place
Have shown the pluck, in spite of luck,
To row a losing race :
Head of the River—who is here
Who would not hail with hearty cheer
The School who hold their flag so dear,
Who saved their bonnie blue ?

We care not if the race were lost ;
There yet will come a day
When, gliding fast the willows past,
Our boat will lead the way—
When down the rival flag will haul,
When soon the dark blue silk will fall,
And fluttering high above them all
Shall wave our bonnie blue.

WET SATURDAYS

THROUGH the week it is right, but on Friday
night

It always begins to rain,
And the still bright day for which we pray
We never can now attain :
It is wet and cold, and the clouds are rolled
From the south with a rainy gray,
And from end to end we can never depend
On a single Saturday.

Though the wind may blow and the stream
may flow,
And the rain for a while may be,
Yet the crew will row and the nester go
To the camp by the wattle-tree.

For it matters not, be it cold or hot,
If a boat and a crew are ours,
We can send her along, though the wind be
strong,
In the teeth of the sleety showers :

When we land at the lake a fire we can make,
Can crouch in the lignum scrub,
And, in spite of the storm, we can all keep warm
At the camp as our shoulders rub.

So our boat we take, and the best we make
Of our luck, be it good or bad,
And if fortune smile we are merry awhile,
If she frown we can still be glad :
With a cheery chum, whatever may come
Is only part of the fun,
And we put on steam as we row up stream,
Till the landing-stage is won.

DOWN RIVER IN FLOOD

1887

HEAVY was the rain in late October,
Fiercely came the triple torrent down—
Not a slowly floating stream and sober,
But an eddying sea of ruddy brown.

O'er the banks the yellow waters surging,
Through the meadows rife with wreckage pour,
And their way tumultuously urging,
Passed the lasher with an angry roar.

Risky work it was that day to travel,
Shaving post and pillar at the Break,
On the shallows oft we touched the gravel
E'er we reached the level of the lake.

When below the Horse-shoe we had brought her,
How we looked for landmarks in our doubt—
Saw green islets on the plain of water,
The familiar lignums standing out.

Swans above with swift-winged oarage glided,
Ducks and coot were swimming all around—
Fence of reed, and tussock we divided,
Till our bows the deeper water found.

Swift the stream, and weary we of rowing
When we reached the channel coming back,
Ere our crew, 'neath lantern faintly glowing,
Raised the *Cleopatra* to her rack.

IN MEMORIAM

H. B.

Ave atque vale

FAREWELL, dear comrade, to the end a boy,
And yet endowed with fortitude of soul
That soared above the earth with lark-like joy,
That saw life happy, and yet saw it whole.

Thine was the love of breaker and of surf,
Beneath the dome of blue Australian sky ;
And thine the rapture of the springy turf,
Of riding straight to hounds in fullest cry.

Thine was the knightly courtesy to all,
The sense of dignity that is not lost,
And thine the loyalty that heard the call,
And never deigned to meanly count the cost.

Farewell!—farewell! Thy School will not forget,
And thy fair name will long remembered be,
When at the Willows all the crews have met
In the soft twilight at the trysting-tree.

AT THE REGATTA

1887

SHALL we forget the thunder and the storm,
The gloomy skies that over us were bowed,
The lightning flash that scarred the umber cloud,
The rush of rain that fell both thick and warm ?
Shall we forget the madness of the race,
The flying water and the heaving chest,
As near and nearer to the front we pressed,
Driving her onward at our topmost pace ?
Or the proud moment when we breathless lay,
And heard the "well rowed " ringing in our ears,
And for the losers, gave our loudest cheers ;
While in the west the sunlight died away,
And, from the dark, the luminous evening star
Shone with its peaceful message from afar ?

AD REMIGES AMICOS

THE cool breeze blew from craggy ocean ledges
Over the drifted sand,
Over the clematis-embroidered ledges,
Over the southern land.

It came through groves of she-oak sadly sighing,
Through wattles crocus-dyed,
To that lone hollow where our crew were lying,
Close to the Barwon side.

And thus it whispered—Lovers of the river,
Lovers of lake and sea,
Row on, row on, and soon your flag shall shiver
Where you would have it be.

Row on, row on—the labour never counting,
And you shall see at last
The pale blue flag above them slowly mounting
Upon the boat-house mast.

VOTA JUNIORIS

THAT he his Latin verbs may know,
And safely through his lessons go,
And never join the mournful row
At twelve Detention.

That he may at the nets at four
A few by steady cricket score,
Or on the river ply his oar
Above the bridges.

And thence returning may employ
A "quarter" in the simple joy
That waits the dainty-loving boy
Within the Calé.

On holidays that he may seek
With chosen mates a far-off creek,
And be for one day of the week
The only master.

That those who wear the lighter blue—
Eleven, and Twenty, and the Crew—
May gently pop the others through,
And be the victors.

Such are his modest wishes—may
He prosper in a quiet way,
And do his best in work and play,
And be contented!

AT THE WILLOWS CAMP

CAMP by the waving brown of bulrush beds
That rustle clear against the dull, cold sky—
Camp with the yellow leaves above our heads,
And the brown Barwon slowly floating by.

How oft have we, at break of winter morn,
Sought the kind shelter of the loved old spot,
Lit the bright fire beside the Afric thorn,
And been content as monarchs with our lot !

How oft shall we, in time that is to be,
By mulgah scrub on sun-dried northern plain,
Dream of the days when every hour was free,
And long for our own river once again !

How often shall the faces of old mates,
The tried companions of the racing four,
Loom up before the rider as he waits
In silence, and the sultry day is o'er.

But we—we row, and heed not that the time,
The golden time, is flying fast away ;
We only hear the ripple, and the chime
Of the good blades that cut the rising spray.

We only know there waits us, round the Bend,
A crew to race us homeward every yard,
'That up the Long Reach by the Island end
They will be with us, ever rowing hard.

We do but know that, e'er the Break is won,
Each man and stretcher will be fully tried—
'That we shall all be weary e'er we run
In frosty starlight to the staging side.

AT THE ISLAND BEND

SWIFTLY to the Island Bend we brought her,
And a moment on our oars we lay
As the sunset tinged the glassy water
With the colour of the dying day.

Silent there we saw the glow transfigure
Oar and oarsmen—all it rested on—
Stem to stern and 'rigger to outrigger,
Rudder, rowlock—till the light was gone.

FOR THE OLD BOYS' DINNER

NOVEMBER, 1898

WHAT is the bond that binds us
Light Blues, one and all ?
What is the spell that finds us
Knit to the ivied wall—
We who are pledged and plighted,
Bred on the Barwon's breast,
Scattered and yet united,
Sons of the School of the West ?

Oft have we rowed together,
Oft we have crossed the Break,
Wet by the wintry weather,
Tossed on the stormy lake ;
Oft have the good blades brought her
Back from the ocean beach,
Over the violet water
Up the long Island Reach.

The woods of spring have known us
Before the stars were dim,
And the broken moonlight shown us
A path on the swaying limb ;
O'er plain and gully toiling
We've had a hundred tramps,
We've watched the billy boiling,
And loved the Grammar camps.

We've worked and played together,
We've won and lost the match,
And high or low the feather,
We have not missed the " catch."
We've shared the struggle glorious
With rifle, bat, and oar,
And brought, full oft victorious,
Our colours to the fore.

On nights like these the embers
Of boyhood brighten up—
Who cares and who remembers
Who won or lost " the Cup " ?
Old friends are gathered round us,
Old memories we drink,
The golden chain that bound us
Still holds us with its link.

Not all—the ranks are riven—
The good old chief has gone,
Whose heart and soul was given
To help the “ Grammar ” on ;
Tom Manifold—and others
As loyal and as true,
Our comrades and our brothers
Who loved the Lighter Blue.

But one thing stands unaltered—
The courage that prevails,
The friends who never faltered,
The faith that never fails :
This is the link that binds us,
The bond that cannot break,
That still together finds us
Whatever fortune take.

So, boys, before we sever,
Drink to the flag we love,
And may it flutter ever
In honour high above !
Here's to the men who guide her,
To the boys we count the best ;
May nothing e'er divide her,
Our old School of the West !

“ A TOAST BEFORE WE PART ”

BEFORE we part, before we part,
I give you all a toast :
“ The fellows nearest to our heart,
The School we love the most.”

To each good man who what he can
Has done with bat or ball,
To the crews who ran to the river's van—
A health to one and all.

To the lads who knew, in class all through,
Algebra, Latin, or Greek,
To the trusted few who in morning's dew
Met on the river or creek.

To all who have struck, in Form or Ruck,
A blow for the old Light Blue,
To the smallest fellow who well has stuck
To whatever he thought was true.

To all who have run, and to those who won,
To the fellows who tried and lost,
To each true son who his best has done
And counted not the cost.

Then, before we part, before we part,
Forget not, boys, the toast—
“The fellows nearest to our heart,
The School we love the most.”

THE KIDS' CREW

DECEMBER, 1891

OH! we got the *Cleopatra*, and a jolly crew were we,
And off we shoved from out the sheds before the
stroke of three.

It was blowing from the westward, so we travelled
fast enough,

And we kept the feather uppish, for the Willows
reach was rough.

It was starlight, it was starlight, cool and jolly all
the way.

Till we saw from Connewarre's lake the breaking
of the day,

Till we ran across to Campbell's with a swishing
wind astern,

And then beside the she-oak wood we made the
lignum burn.

It was jolly when we got afloat and through the
channel ran,

And saw the black swan and the duck and white-
winged pelican,

And the fisher eagle hovering high above the
 Samphire Flat,
Where reedy grass and mangrove scrub and bulrush
 intermat.
With a swinging tide beneath us and a favouring
 breeze above,
How fast we ran at racing pace upon the stream we
 love !
And Tommy Chapman was the stroke, and well he
 brought it through,
And well the winding of the stream the little
 coxswain knew.

Tough row it was that afternoon to bring the
 Cleo. home
Against the tide, against the wind, in teeth of
 flying foam ;
But though the miles were long and hard, though
 spray-drops o'er us broke,
We kept it up and pulled it through and trusted
 to the stroke.
Stiff work it was to rattle through the raffle of the lake,
And face the toughest stretch of all, the bit above
 the break.
But home we came that night, in hall to talk, and
 then to dream
Of the summer day together in the *Cleo.* on the stream.

Oh! river-mates who love the School, how well
it is to brave,
As do the smallest crews we have, the stress of wind
and wave,
To know the glorious fellowship of Twenty and of
Corps,
To be the servants of the boat, the masters of the
oar,
To bring the cricket forward, to love the hardest
toil,
Resolved that nothing we may do the Light Blue
flag shall soil,
And, while in every manly sport for victory we
thirst,
To count success the second thing, and think of
honour first!

IARRÂ IN CERTAMEN PROVOCATÂ BARONIA VICTRIX

1886

WHAT shall remain ?
Is it the stormy afternoon,
The flying banks of the dark lagoon,
The cheering crowd, and the moment when
The *Alice* stole to the front again,
When, muscles straining and heels hard bent,
The light craft far to the front was sent—
When the spray-dashed pale-blue ensign ran
To the front of the race, to the river's van ?

No, there remains
Rather the thought of the long rows done
In wind, or rain, or Australian sun—
Thought of the hours when the rests were few,
When the raw oars shaped to a Grammar crew,
When each man sure of his shipmate grew
And felt he could stay to the finish true,
When the labour changed to the stern delight
Of a trained crew ready to face the fight.

No, there remains,
Less the pride of victory gained,
Less the joy of a goal attained,
Rather—that nothing was left untried,
And every turn of the wind defied,
'That a rival crew was ne'er despised,
And the truth by all was recognised—
That battles and boat-races are won
Only by those who work as one.

HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE

1889

THE tide runs out, the wind is gone,
And all may row their best
Upon the Yarra's livid stream
That reaches to the west.
The race of races this to row,
For never till to-day
Have all the schools come side by side
To buckle to the fray.
And there they lie : the Melbourne boys,
Who wear the Oxford blue ;
The Scotchmen—eager rivals they ;
And Wesley's weighty crew ;
And far upon the northern shore,
With faces pale and set,
Are those who swear by the Cambridge Blue
And the flag unconquered yet.

"Now, are you ready? Row!" A cheer
 Goes up to that dark sky,
 As onward, at their topmost speed,
 The racing four-oars fly.
 "The Melbourne first," — "the Wesley
 worst," —
 "The Scotch are coming fast";
 But none may say who leads the way
 Till a hundred yards are past.
 And then from every one of us
 Uprose a joyful shout,
 When we saw in front the tiny flag
 Of Light Blue showing out—
 When we saw the measured swing and sway,
 And the *Alice* running free
 At the racing pace we knew of old,
 As we neared the "Spurting Tree."

On, on they race between the ships
 That line the crowded banks,
 And still the "Barwon" lengthen out
 Before the rival ranks;
 And the Cardinal flag steals slowly up
 To the bows of the Oxford Blue,
 And oar to oar, for second place,
 They fight it staunch and true.

But the spurt is vain, for Melbourne gain,
And out like a single man,
With a single swing and rowlock ring,
They press towards the van.
The finish is near, and they hope to clear
The leaders within the bend,
And they row it long and keep it strong
Unfailing to the end.

The Barwon boys are still in front—
Their striking does not swerve,
Although the *Alice* holds the bend
Along the northern curve.
With an instant dip, with an iron grip,
And slow upon the feather,
Till the race is done they seem as one,
So wholly they row together.
And the Melbourne strain astern in vain
To catch the flying boat—
To come to the side and lower the pride
Of the fastest craft afloat.
But it may not be. At the pistol crack
The good blades cease to quiver ;
And they lie on the oars as the great crowd
roars—
The First upon the River !

In years to come, the Public Schools
Shall other heroes know,
But in their hearts, as warm as now,
The fire of pluck shall glow :
Still, be it on the Yarra's tide,
Or on the Barwon's flood,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Shall stir the youthful blood—
Still shall they honour those who won,
Still cheer for those who lost,
With all the generous rivalry
That never counts the cost :
And still the race shall hold its own
When we are dead and gone,
When other voices, other boys,
Shall cheer the oarsmen on.

And we, who love the river best
Of all Australian boys ;
We, nursed upon the Barwon's breast,
And cradled in its joys ;
Who—through the summer's fiery heat,
Or winter's nipping cold—
Still to the river that we own
Together firmly hold :

We will not leave the shed at morn
To seek the camp below,
The Willows' welcome shelter,
Or the fire-light's friendly glow,
Before we cast a glance of pride
At the long victorious line
That holds the names of those who rowed
And won in 'eighty-nine.

THE ANABASIS OF THE *ALICE*

Out with the oars and the *Alice*,
And homeward let us glide
Up with the brisk south-easter,
Up with the swirling tide :
The Barwon Heads and the ocean
Soon shall we leave astern,
And the hills with the wattle waving
Over the crimson fern—
On by the mangrove corner,
By the Honeysuckle Wood,
By the camp on the lip of the river
Where, dreaming, we have stood.

Still with the slow swing forward,
Still with the sharp leap back,
Still with the swaying impulse
Of bodies firmly slack—
With the hands in a moment outward
Extended from the chest,
And all with a rounded motion
And never a jerk or rest ;

Only the curling eddies
Where the edge of the blades lift clean,
Only the whitening bubbles
That in our wake are seen.

On where the tideway loiters
Past waste and yellow fen—
The haunt of the swan and heron,
Of hawk and of water-hen ;
By sandy bars and shallows,
Where reeds and rushes mat,
Where salt lagoons are sleeping
Within the wild gray flat,
Till at last the dark ridge opens
Over the lake green-crowned,
And we see the sand-hills glisten
And hear the breakers' sound.

The skies were faintest purple,
The lake divinest gray,
The wind had died to nothing
As eased there we lay.
We saw the long, dim headland
That runs abruptly down
To the point where she-oaks whisper
With tresses ivy-brown.

'Twixt Cormorant and Campbell's
 We scarcely caught the run
 Of the Otway and the Barrabools
 Beneath the westering sun.

The tide was enough to float her—
 Enough, and nothing more—
 So we headed on to Flagstaff,
 And skirted the southern shore.
 We entered Reedy Inlet,
 And passed the withered stems
 And the tangle of feathered bulrush
 That the mouth of the river hems.
 Glad were both crew and coxswain
 To hold the water deep,
 And beside the waving meadows
 To feel the *Alice* leap.

Again a welcome easy ;
 But dusk steals o'er the stream,
 And past us slides the *Rosalind*—
 As one the four oars gleam,
 But the crew, with a long-drawn "thirty,"
 Draw fast up Dead Ahead,
 With a smile and a "Rowed" for the
 youngsters,
 Who well for a space had led.

Row on, O plucky youngsters !
The day shall come for you
To fight the " Grammar's " battle
And wear the " Grammar's " blue.

Up the fast-darkening reaches
The crews at the camp-fires hear
The rush and the throb of the oar-blades
In the night air ringing clear.
The faithful watchers know it—
They see from the bank above
The swing of the crew they swear by,
The gleam of the flag they love,
And their cheer to the lignums echoes,
As, through the ruddy belt,
The racing four onrushing
Into the darkness melt.

No check, no stay at the Willows
That redden in tender bloom,
But forward—and St. Albans
Fades in the river gloom ;
And the coxswain brings her over,
Across to the down-bent gums,
And the oars are a foot from the rushes
As round the bend she comes.

Then each man rows his hardest,
And, flying without a swerve,
She sweeps on the violet water
Up the long island curve.

It is nought, though the miles are many,
To the crew in the race who led—
It is nought, when the boat is steady
And the stars are overhead—
It is nought to the School of the Barwon,
Who love the waterways
And the merry camps and the gladness
Of the long down-river days :
In summer or in winter,
In sunshine or in wet,
Defeated or victorious,
We love the river yet !

DARK BLUE v. LIGHT BLUE

SEPTEMBER, 1878

BESIDE the green-fringed willow-woven banks
Where Yarra's waters flow,
The *Alexandra* and *Melburnia* floated,
Waiting the word to go.
Upon the north the Dark Blue muster strongly,
Eager to back their crew,
And on the southern shore all those have rallied
Who wear the Lighter Blue.
Idly the mitred flags are trailing downwards,
Slow glides the dark stream down ;
'Through the thick screen of leaves we see but dimly
Spires of the distant town.
Pleasant for us ashore, but in the boats there
All hearts are beating fast :
'This is their maiden race, and much they wish that
At least the start were past.

“ Now then, are you ready ?
Geelong, there, keep steady.

Come up a bit, Melbourne—yes, that will do—
Row ! ”

Hullo ! what a cheering
As onwards careering,
Half mad with excitement, beside them we go ;
By Jove, they are gaining,
The Melbourne are straining
Their stretchers and backs to a pretty quick time.
Why, look there to nor’ward,
They’ve got her head forward—
They’ll lead us—they’ll lead us a length or more
soon !

What, gaining ?—not they !
Yes, that is the way,
Yes, stick to it, Fairbairn, and bring up “ the silk,”
Now, now we are near them,
Straight, mind, “ Rad,” you steer them,
Well rowed, boys ! Remember, if oncc you are clear,
You’ve got the right side, and you’ve nothing to
fear.

Now Brander’s is past,
And, leading at last,
We have them in hand by a length in the bend.
The race is a gift,
Now, lift her, lads, lift,
And see if you can’t give them “ bellows to mend.”

Not so fast, not so fast,
There's a buoy to be past,
And our Cox. means to clear it, if clear it he can.
The current is strong,
He'd surely be wrong
Not to save us our distance—the wise little man !

Alas ! for “ our Wonder,”
Two's oar, with a crash,
Is “ on it and under ”—
A beautiful smash.
Our boat has lost way,
Her head is astray,
And the Dark Blue are on us, and level, and then
Have a length by the time we are going again.
“ The race is all over—the Light Blue are hit ;
They can't make the distance.”—But just wait a bit.
Now, boys, for an effort—now make the boat spin—
Go on, *Alexandra*, through thick and through thin !

Ah ! watch the long sweep
Of the oars, as they keep
Perfect time, and the leap
As she lifts to the turn ;
See the swing and the swirl
Through the stream as they hurl,
Through the waters that curl
Far away from her stern.

See, inch by inch, nearing
The straight, we are clearing
Their craft, and the cheering

Is loud at the bend.

As every nerve bracing,
We come up outpacing
The crew who are racing

It out to the end.

A clear length ahead ! Now stick to your work.
'Their stroke is a "pluck'd 'un," he never will shirk :
He'll come to the front, and be in at the fun,
And though their boat's collared, the race isn't
won.

Yes ! see, he has caught her,
And on he has brought her,
Right into your water,

Right up to your bow.

Now, hold to it, Light Blue,
For home is in sight ; you
Must show them the right blue—

Row never, or now !

All right—it is done,

And the victory won.

Just hark to the cheering that comes from the shores,
To welcome the workers in each of the fours,
As breathless, exhausted, they rest on their oars.

Well rowed, gallant Dark Blue; you couldn't
diminish

Our yard to the good at the desperate finish,
But you showed you were staunch to your Grammar
School blue—

So we'll cheer for you too,
When we welcome our crew,
When we cheer for "our boys," for the fastest of
boats,
For the flag at the head of the river that floats.

THE MATCH ON THE ARGYLE

1879

THEY came down to play us, and thought to dismay
us

By stories of what they already had done ;
And ever victorious, somewhat vainglorious,
They fancied the battle already was won.

The day was a poor one, the ground an unsure one,
Our boys were a good deal the lighter in weight ;
But pluck and good kicking don't quite like a
licking,
Though even the bravest must give in to Fate.

And now they are ready, and only stand steady
A moment awaiting the signal for play ;
The Dark and the Light Blue—the latter the right
blue—
We go for it always, gainsay it who may.

And now for a tussle and jolly good hustle,
The ball in a bustle has gone on its way ;
And into the battle they go with a rattle,
And set a stout heart to a very “ stey brae.”

The Light Blue are winning—their foes they are
pinning—
The ball is fast spinning right up to their goal ;
And soon they acknowledge “These aren’t the Scotch
College,
But spirit quite other they have in their soul.”

The game became faster, their “ junior master ”
Is bowled like a ninepin all over the place ;
And white’s become darker, and many a marker
Has signs of a “ purler ” or two on his face.

Now Douglass has got it, and ought to have shot it
Right over the goal-post and out of the ground ;
But if then unlucky his play was most plucky—
And no man quite perfect, or boy, can be found.

And loud rings the hailing that comes from the
railing,
As Charlie goes sailing through friend and through
foe ;
The run was a “ stunner,” the kick was a “ oner,”
But straight—must I tell it ?—it didn’t quite go.

THE MATCH ON THE ARGYLE 301

The half time is over, and once more a rover,
The ball on the level is racing away ;
No goal kicked the first hour, so now with a fast
shower
And wind in our faces we settle to play.

But we are in danger, for on come the strangers,
Who upward the ball to our boundary roll ;
So nearly they shave it, we hardly could save it,
And thought ourselves lucky it wasn't a goal.

One half-hour they penned us, but couldn't quite
send us
Disconsolate homewards bewailing our woes ;
For backwards we bowled them, and rapidly told
them
That players quite worthy their steel were their
foes.

And all well together, 'gainst wind, against weather,
We carried the " leather " right up to their end,
And kept it there fairly, although they played rarely,
And managed, though barely, their posts to defend.

So no one was winner, and if after dinner
Each said that his side had " a trifle the best,"
That man is a fool who won't speak for his school—
" It's a very ill bird that would foul its own nest."

Three cheers for the Melbourne, for they have
right well borne

Themselves in the thick of a capital fight !
And home they retreated, as yet undefeated,
Their honour untarnished, their banner yet
bright.

Three cheers for our Twenty, and may they have
plenty

Of honour and glory from great and from small ;
And when next we meet them, then let's hope we
beat them,
And place our own Light Blue the foremost of all !

CARLTON *v.* GEELONG

DEDICATED TO THE "EVER-VICTORIOUS"
TWENTY

1879

TEN thousand together, ye Knights of the Leather,
Though wintry the weather to cheer you along !
The grey sky is o'er you, the green turf before you,
I don't know what more you could want but a
song.

A song with a rattle that tells of the battle,
That tells of the knocks and the shocks of the
fray—
Of kicks that slow-soaring go goalward, and scoring
May settle the fortune and fate of the day.

The Carlton mean winning, and, faith, there's no
sinning
In those who are pinning their hopes to the Blue :
Well trained, and no lumber in one of their number,
With Gardiner for captain to pull the match
through.

But the Dark Blue and White are the twenty to
fight,

And none have been able their colours to lower :
A team strong and wiry, with play fast and fiery,
So dauntless and vauntless they come to the fore.

“ Now, boys, to your places.” Each forward man
races,

And almost outpaces the ball as it rolls ;
And ere half a minute the Pivot are in it,
And go with a rush for the enemy’s goals.

“ Now, nearer, boys, nearer ! ” Look out where
it’s clearer,

And, forwards, you steer her right through if
you can !

No go—they have got it, the Dark Blue have shot it
Right out ; the ruck-players are “ there ” to a
man.

Soon Carlton endanger the posts of the stranger,
But off is the ball on its travels again :

“ Good mark, Watt, and ready ! Right, boys, keep
her steady !

For now you must manage the foemen to pen.”

But the gallant Dark Blue show that they can
mark too,

And quickly they carry the ball from their end :
While straining each muscle and limb in the tussle,
Geelong are just able their goal to defend.

But out the Stripes sally, and rush follows rally,
And all well together they pass the ball back :
Now Fairbairn has gripped it, and through he has
“ ripped ” it,
A forty-yards’ goal to the Grammar School crack.

Look ! once more they’re working, and not a man
shirking,
And loud is the cheering that’s ringing around ;
For fast travels Goer, and not a bit slower
Their captain has managed to cover the ground.

Paddy Gunn, get it straighter.—Alas ! a miss
greater
Than last time ! Play, Pivot, your colours to
save !
Kicked, Rickards ! Stripes, stop it ! Yes, touched
on the hop ; it
Was not a goal, but it *was* a close shave.

Half-time soon is over, the Pivot's in clover,
And Stiffe has a chance, which he misses ; and
now
Each man on his mettle, to business they settle,
And a " do or die " look comes on every one's
brow.

And now by the railing the Carlton, prevailing,
Come down with a rush on the westerly wing ;
Another chance buttered ! and then a half muttered
Low growl of annoyance ascends from the ring.

The fight becomes tougher, the scrimmage is
rougher,
With " Sandie " and Watson they haven't a show.
Played ! Wilson for ever ! A gallant endeavour
To carry, lone-handed, the fort of the foe !

Now face to face meeting, no thought of retreating,
The men on the centre are having a bout ;
But there's no denying the Stripes, who send
flying
The Blues, and the ball is shot rapidly out.

Passed on to the forwards it comes up to nor'wards,
Now Douglass, the Dodger, has got it at last :
Ah ! now no mark-missing, no mother-earth kissing—
Now show yourself worthy the fame of the past !

Marked, Christey ! Now place it, and carefully
face it,

And mind you kick steady—to miss is a crime !
Hurrah ! we're victorious ! by all that is glorious,
They surely can't manage two goals in the time !

Look out, boys ! no "blowing." The Dark Blues
mean "going."

It's always a toss up when men are so matched.
See—a goal ! Two to one. No !—the battle's not
done—

Now don't count your chickens before they are
hatched.

But the Stripes ever striving, the leather hard driving,
And somehow contriving their own to maintain—
The Blue goal assailing, untiring, unfailing,
By two to a single the victory gain.

Played ! Forty for ever ! A better game never
Was fought to the finish, as all have allowed :
For marking and kicking, for "hard-to-it-sticking,"
Each man for the Twenty, and not for the crowd.

One thing we rely on, if foes should e'er try on
A game that is sterner than football to view,
When bullets are flying and comrades are dying,
Our boys to the bright "Southern Cross" will
be true.

GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to camps beside the ocean,
To summer days beneath the straggling gums,
To the bright school life with its rush and motion,
To the old study and the chosen chums—
Good-bye, good-bye !

Good-bye, good-bye to days upon the river,
To the green willows and the lonely lake—
Upon the Barwon other oars shall quiver,
And other voices shall the echoes wake—
Good-bye, good-bye !

Good-bye, good-bye ! With fullest hearts we leave
you,
Dear nurse of learning and of happy days,
And, whatsoever honours we achieve, you
Shall win the glory and obtain the praise—
Good-bye, good-bye !

NOTES

BARWON BALLADS

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